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Saturday Review

MARCH 8, 1952 TWENTY CENTS

THE INVISIBLE MEN OF TV

By GOODMAN ACE

Joseph L. Mankiewicz, director of "5 Fingers." (See page 32)

Inside Soviet Literature

By VERA ALEXANDROVA

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Antidote for "Red Poison"

Reading Communist newspapers gives Frenchman François De Voyon and many overseas workers a strong anti-American, anti-democratic attitude.

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Good News

▸ New York City's Board of Higher Education has disclosed that 2,500 municipal college students gave more than 100,000 hours to community service agency projects during the past semester. One result of this service has been a substantial decrease in juvenile delinquency in a downtown neighborhood.

▸ According to a Tuskegee Institute survey, the work of Negro farm extension agents in rural communities throughout the Southern states has resulted in "less poverty, debt, and dissatisfaction" in the areas which they serve. It said that these Negro agents are becoming "permanent fixtures" in many parts of the South, and are receiving cooperation from local newspapers, radio stations, banking and business institutions.

▸ More than 1,650,000 Americans volunteered their time and ability to the Red Cross during 1950-51, making innumerable services available to other Americans who needed help. Over $11,480,000 was given in financial assistance to servicemen, veterans, and their dependents; patients and domiciliary members of VA hospitals received a total of 2,186,300 hours of volunteer service; volunteers contributed 2,132,500 hours of service to the national blood program; and American Junior Red Cross members a variety of items valued at $1,014,310 to children overseas.

▸ Oxford and Cambridge universities are offering scholarships for British wage earners who left school at an early age, but who have since fitted themselves for university training by independent study. Each university is offering three or four scholarships which will provide tuition and living expenses for two or three years. The courses offered are history, economics, politics, and literature. The British Trade Union Congress will be represented on the selection committees.

▸ The legislature of Ontario, Canada, recently enacted a Fair Employment Practices Act which states in its preamble that "it is contrary to public policy in Ontario to discriminate against men and women in respect of their employment because of race, creed, color, nationality, ancestry, or place of origin"; that "it is desirable to enact a measure designed to promote observance of this principle," and that "to do so is in accord with the Universal Declaration of Human Rights as proclaimed by the United Nations."

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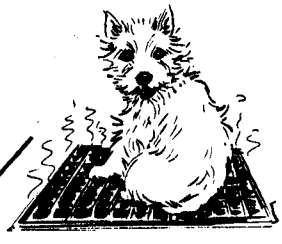

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TRADE Winds

While Bennett Cerf is on vacation TRADE WINDS *is being written by the author of "Gentleman's Agreement" and "The Celebrity"—Mrs Laura Z. Hobson.*

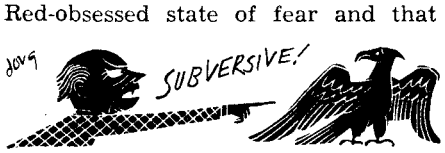
BOOK BORROWERS have found me a soft touch ever since a brisk comeuppance given me some time ago by Bruce and Beatrice Gould, the editors of the *L. H. Journal.* The Goulds spotted my copy of "Marcel Proust, His Life and Work," by Leon Pierre-Quint, published by Knopf in 1927 and one of my prized possessions. Ardent Proustians, the Goulds tactfully implied they'd like to borrow it, whereupon I hemmed, hawed, and hedged. The book

was out of print. I found myself turning to it at the oddest moments. They were so busy editing, it might be months before they could read it.

Upon their sacred and separate words of honor to have it safely back (time out for rapid calculations) in nineteen days, I handsomely gave in. On the nineteenth day a messenger arrived, bearing the book, a sealed envelope, and the news that he was to wait for a reply. The envelope contained a note which, after proper salutations and heartfelt thanks, said, "And now, how about returning our copy of 'Hindoo Holiday,' which you borrowed from us two years, four months, and one week ago?"

THERE ARE NINE MILLION BOOKS in the Library of Congress, and a bill recently introduced in the House by Rep. Velde (R-Ill.) would require the librarian, plus staff, to mark each and every "subversive passage" in each and every one of them. That task completed, the listings would then be passed along to every other librarian in the nation.

It could be that Graham Greene was correct when he said recently in New York that Americans now live in a Red-obsessed state of fear and that



"America's allies are beginning to wonder if their concept of democracy is the same as yours."

A young American writer and editor, Richard Lauterbach, called that state of fear "the climate of censorship" long before his sudden death in 1950, at thirty-six, and spent his last years in endless combat against its swampy fevers. In his memory the Lauterbach Award has just been established, to be given that writer who has contributed most in the field of civil liberties during the preceding year. The prize may be awarded for a novel, an article, a poem, an editorial, a judge's decision, a broadcast, even a letter. The money part of the prize will be $1,000 and perhaps more; the winner will be selected by polling the entire membership of the Authors League of America. The first winner will be announced this spring.

"BUT I WON'T BE A STOOGE for the Communists." So many writers say that, to explain their do-nothing record in the fight against blacklisting, red channeling, and name-wrecking, that I hereby offer, as a possible guide to other writers, a letter I send out in one form or another whenever I am invited to sponsor this, endorse that, or work with an organization that I think may be a Communist wolf in democratic clothing: "I must refuse to work with any group that protests the attack on civil liberties in America but keeps beautifully mum about the loss of civil liberties in Czechoslovakia, Poland, or the USSR. If, through ignorance, I do your group an injustice, if you *have* made public protest against the loss of liberty for Czechs and Poles and Russians, won't you be good enough to send me copies of any such statement? I believe that civil liberty, like peace and prosperity, is indivisible, and that one cannot pick and choose, as if to say *this* civil liberty is important but *that* one doesn't matter. On your letterhead I see the names of too many writers, actors, singers who seem to me to do just that. Therefore I must continue to work only through other groups who are not satisfied with so limited an objective."

Sincerely yours. Try it a few times, or something like it. Then you can speak up for civil liberties without worrying about being anybody's stooge or dupe.

BECAUSE OF TRADE WINDS, publishers began sending me stacks of books and galleys a month ago. For no sensible reason I at once adopted a critic's high-voltage schedule and read a book a day, seven days a week. By the time I'd read eighteen books—in nineteen days to be honest about it—I was the dismayed owner of a jaded palate and a new idea: Critics read too much. Only kids between the ages of eight and sixteen, I reflected, can stay on a book-a-day jag and maintain all their original zest, eagerness, and responsiveness. Prescription: let newspaper editors, if they have daily book columns, hire

only kids as critics. Retirement age: sixteen.

WORK IN PROGRESS: Christopher La Farge, poet and novelist, has returned from two years in France to his farm in Rhode Island, where he will complete his third novel in verse, "Beauty for Ashes," to be published by Coward-McCann. His previous one, "Each to the Other," rather demolished any notions that the novel in verse was an esoteric form by becoming a Book-of-the-Month and a best seller. Mr. La Farge took his earlier title from the Episcopal marriage service and his new one from Isaiah: "Give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

The Daily Worker will be screaming "Assassin" and "Fascist Monster," at the very least, when Harper brings out Louis Fischer's "The Life and Death of Stalin" in late summer. Mr. Fischer is making final revisions in the mss. now. Last year the Princeton University Press chose his two-volume work, "The Soviets in World Affairs," originally published in 1930, as the definitive history of Soviet foreign policy from 1917 onward, and reprinted it without change, except for a new introduction by the author.

Bernard De Voto, after seven years of labor, is reading proof on his biggest book, "Westward the Course of Empire." It is the history of all the explorations that went into the finding and settling of the American continent and therefore precedes, in time span, "Across the Wide Missouri" and "Year of Decision." Houghton Mifflin's entire staff, it appears, is now running a ship's pool on the number of maps the book will need, with sixty-four the hottest number.

BOOKS IN GALLEY: A first printing of 100,000 copies is sensation enough these cost-watching days, but Farrar, Straus, and Young ordered it for "Mr. President," by William Hillman, with nearly 200 exclusive photographs, many in color, taken by Alfred Wagg. Mr. Hillman, now with Mutual Broad-

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casting in Washington, and before that with the *Collier's* staff there, has known the President for seven years and has his confidence so unequivocally that Mr. Truman, in turning over a mountain of personal diaries, letters, hand-written notes, etc., wrote him, "Within the bounds of the nation's security, public interest, and good taste, . . . I . . . give you full authority to publish this material in any manner you deem suitable and useful." "Mr. President" will make its inaugural appearance on March 18.

Orville Prescott's "In My Opinion" is a book of criticism about the modern novel, mostly the American novel from 1940 on. It has provocative material aplenty, such as his chapter called "Squandered Talents," discussing four famous novelists, and another called "The Young Decadents," discussing six. Bobbs-Merrill just published it, and, as dedications always do, Mr. Prescott's interested me. "To My Mother, who has always thought that it was a good idea for me to write about books and who, as a mother should, usually likes what I write about them."

THE PARIS EDITION of the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* has for years had a column called "Mostly About People," by Art Buchwald. The home office must have decided that their American readers wuz bein' robbed, for his pieces have begun to appear in the *Trib* here. Recently Buchwald reported an interview he says took place with Dana Andrews, in France to make a movie. Since Andrews neither understands nor speaks French, he had memorized his part of the interview phonetically, but something miscued in his interviewer's script and the Q and A went like this:

Q—How long have you been making films, Mr. Andrews?
A—"Assignment in Paris," starring Marta Toren and myself.
Q—What are you doing in France now?
A—I have four.
Q—Do you have any children?
A—Yes, Samuel Goldwyn and Darryl Zanuck.
Q—Who are your favorite actresses?
A—Sam Goldwyn and Darryl Zanuck.
Q—And your favorite producers?
A—Myrna Loy and Irene Dunne.
Q—What movie did you like best of the ones you've appeared in?
A—The Tour d'Argent, Maxim's, and the Folies Bergère.

There was more, but Mr. Buchwald neglected to state what made the French interviewer wake up and get off the air. —LAURA Z. HOBSON.

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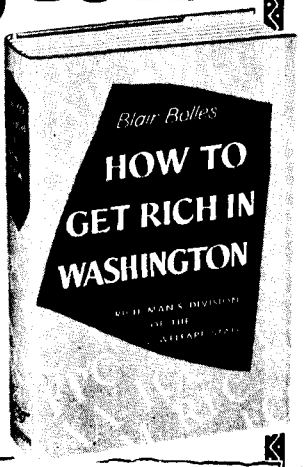

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MINK COAT? ...THAT'S PEANUTS!

Blood that Americans donated for men in the Armed Forces was sold on the Chinese black market as a "new male rejuvenator." (See page 72.)

For *NOT* producing some trucks, a manufacturer was paid $273,760.38 *more* than he would have received had he delivered them. *(See page 58.)*

One agent was paid more than four thousand to sell war surplus valued at $14; another got $17,614 for a sale totaling $120. *(See page 84.)*

After World War II a shipping firm received more than twelve million dollars for the use, loss, and taking of vessels it had originally purchased from the government for $1,570,000. *(See page 117.)*

In five years the annual subsidies paid our sixteen subsidized airlines increased by five times—from $25,000,000 in 1946 to $125,000,000 in 1951. *(See page 234.)*

Since 1950 big business has been excused from paying taxes now on investments totaling more than nine *BILLION* dollars. (See page 248.)

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The Saturday Review

Inside Soviet Literature

VERA ALEXANDROVA

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In his article "News from Nowhere"* [SR *Nov.* 17, 1951] *Russell F. Anderson drew attention to America's lamentably inadequate press coverage of events and conditions in Communist-dominated countries. In line with Mr. Anderson's plea for more extensive new coverage* The Saturday Review *publishes herewith an article on intellectual life behind the Iron Curtain dealing with postwar trends in Soviet literature. The author, Vera Alexandrova, well known as an authority on Russian literature, is at present editor-in-chief of the Chekhov Publishing House, established last year by the Ford Foundation's East European Fund to make available (in Russian-language editions) some classics and contemporary books now suppressed in the Soviet Union. For a Soviet estimate of* The Saturday Review *see page* 11.

"YOU say that our literature is the most advanced in the world. I agree . . . But the trouble is this: Our writers often impoverish life. They rob it—how shall I say it?—of philosophical depth." That is how the engineer Ivan Nikolaevich opens his conversation with Vasily Ivanov, author of the essay "Philosophy and Life" in the June 1948 issue of the Soviet magazine *October*. Ivan Nikolaevich is an ordinary Soviet engineer, but he is fond of reading and is familiar not only with Soviet belles-lettres, but with pre-Revolutionary Russian literature as well. In order to clarify his doubts about Soviet literature the engineer cites excerpts from Hertzen's "My Past and Thoughts" and Turgenev's "Rudin," which depict the intense intellectual life of Russian students of the mid-nineteenth century. "Well, does our contemporary literature show anything like that?" he asks. The author admits that the question confused him somewhat, but he had no chance to answer it, since the telephone rang: The engineer was urgently needed back at the plant.

There are so many of these "unexpected" phone calls in postwar Soviet literature that the reader cannot help connecting them with a certain particular "telephone call" that emanated from the Central Committee of the Communist Party on August 14, 1946. On that date, by decree of the CC, the magazine *Leningrad* was closed down for having printed a humorous piece by Alexander Khazin describing the imaginary adventures of Pushkin's Eugene Onegin in postwar Leningrad. At the same time another Leningrad magazine, *Star*, was sharply reprimanded for two "errors": The magazine had appointed the popular Soviet humorist Mikhail Zoshchenko to its editorial staff and had published verses by Anna Akhmatova, whose work was "spiritually alien to the Soviet people." The decree put an end to the leniency which the regime had shown toward writers during the difficult wartime period. Thereafter, not only was the Party's general control over all postwar literature tightened, but the "great debate," begun during the war, was decisively broken off.

Some idea of the nature of this "great debate" is afforded by a little story by Valentin Ovechkin, "With Greetings from the Front," which appeared in an issue of *October* on the eve of Germany's defeat. Ovechkin's story found a wide response among Soviet readers and does not seem to have been passed over by a single critic. Its content is very simple: Shortly before the end of the war Captain Spivak is granted a leave, which he spends in his native village in the Ukraine. On the way back to his unit after his leave he listens to the conversation of his fellow-passengers on the train. It reminds him of what he had heard not long before at home.

Pondering the meaning of these conversations, he tells himself: "The nearer we come to the end of the war, the more people think of their personal fortunes, of the families that have been torn apart, of the heavy task the people face of reconstructing what has been destroyed in battle, of the effects, both reparable and irreparable, of the war." The experiences of the war years had changed people a great deal. People had endured a lot and they "expect a lot of the future." After all the horrors they want "a lot of beauty and happiness"; if this beauty cannot be created immediately in the form of gardens and new villages, then "let it exist in the relations between people." Back at the front Spivak shares his impressions with his friend, battalion commander Petrenko. They are both Party members and they decide to write to their comrades about how they feel. After the war life can't go on in the old way; the new mood of the people must be taken into account. They send this letter back home "with greetings from the front."

Soviet readers and critics know how to read between the lines. Even though they were phrased very cautiously, the advice and the inspirations voiced by Captain Spivak and his friend Petrenko delighted Soviet readers. Clearly, the fictional authors of the

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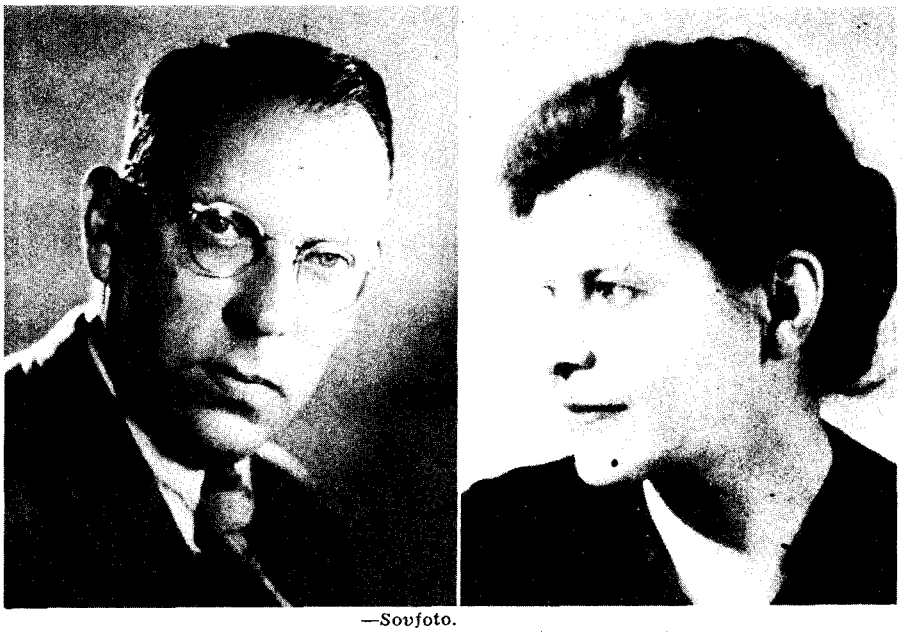

—Sovfoto.

Pyotr Pavlenko and Vera Panova—"Soviet readers need no more than a hint."

letter understood that the Communist Party had proved unprepared for the war, that it would take into account the experience of the war years and would give the people a chance to breathe more freely after the war. But the Party decided otherwise. A drive was started against the front-line poets for writing too much about their experiences, for "lagging behind life"; sharp rebukes were directed at those writers who, in the first postwar year, continued to write about the early phase of the war, the retreat of the Red Army and the occupation. All writers were bluntly advised to be quicker about "integrating themselves into the work of realizing the fourth Stalin Five-Year Plan."

In the end the writers "heeded" the advice given them. And yet, even though the "great debate" has broken off, fragments of a significant debate are evident in many works of postwar Soviet literature. The more significant the theme of the debate in each case, the more apt it is to be interrupted by a chance telephone call or the sudden turning on of a radio. But Soviet readers need no more than a hint to understand.

FROM 1947 on, novels and stories began to appear in which the chief character was a former *frontovik*, or front-line soldier, who found in postwar life a new use for his energy. One example is Colonel Voropaev in the story "Happiness," by the late Pyotr Pavlenko; another is the young tank driver, Sergei Tutarinov, in Semion Babaevsky's novel 'The Cavalier of the Golden Star." It is significant, however, that both of these heroes, as they returned from the war, thought at first of devoting themselves to arranging their personal lives and became convinced that it was out of the question only after they were home. One small episode in Babaevsky's novel is highly indicative: Sergei Tutarinov has been summoned from his native Cossack village to Moscow, where his plan for construction of an electric station has aroused interest. In Moscow he tells a high Party official of the first impression made on him by "With Greetings from the Front," the Ovechkin story mentioned above:

> The letter [of Captain Spivak] was written from the soul; it had a great many new, interesting thoughts and pieces of practical advice Reading it, you felt that it was written by men who, even in the midst of war, were not indifferent to what people far from the front were doing and how they were living . . . If the letter had come my way at that time, I would have gladly signed it. But now the war is over . . . That means the situation is different. It's no longer enough to give sensible advice; you have to roll up your sleeves and pitch in. What I would say now is this: "Hey, you front-line fighters who wrote letters to the people in the rear, and taught them how to live and work! Come closer, take your places in the front ranks and give a real-life example of how it's done!"

The actual postwar situation was more complicated. The changeover "to peacetime tracks" proved for many an agonizing process, and by no means all responded to the appeals of the Tutarinovs and the Voropaevs. However, since it is impossible to speak openly of the disillusionment of those who spent the war at the front and in the rear, writers attempt to deal with the question by indirection. Side by side with the "correct" *frontovik*, who immediately succeeded in readjusting to postwar life, postwar Soviet poetry and prose contains a striking number of former *frontoviki* who have turned into so-called "malicious idlers."

Alexei Nedogonov, a young poet who died in the spring of 1947 and was himself a former *frontovik*, was the one who pioneered this theme. In the poem "Flag Over the Village Soviet," published in the magazine *New World*, he portrayed two types of *frontoviki*. One, Yegor Shirokov, is the officially approved, positive type of hero; returning to his native village, he promptly plunges into the work of the village soviet. The other, Andrei Dubok, feels that after years of wartime travail he has earned a rest, so he gathers together some *frontovik* "buddies" and spends his days carousing, drinking up the last few pennies his mother has earned on the collective farm; on these drinking bouts Dubok boasts that by his heroism he defended "Mother Russia." At the end of the poem Yegor succeeds in awakening Andrei's "conscience." But Andrei's "regeneration" is merely stated by the poet, and not shown.

The case of the former *frontovik* Semion, a creation of the young poet Nikolai Gribachyov, is similar. The poem "Spring on the 'Victory' *Kolkhoz* [Collective Farm]" offers a brief but significant postwar biography of Semion: After the war, not wishing to return to the country, Semion had settled in a city, taken up with a woman—a "merry widow"—and begun to trade on the black market. He lived well, started putting by money, and very nearly bought himself a country *dacha* (summer house). But then came the currency reform; his savings were devalued, and the "merry widow" left him. Semion was forced to return to the country and live off his mother. In the end, however, the secretary of the village Party organization succeeded in "re-educating" him.

For their poems Nedogonov and Gribachyov were each rewarded a first-degree Stalin Prize of 100,000 rubles.

The "malicious idlers" figure even more frequently in postwar prose. Vasya Pevtsov, in Jeanne Gauzner's story "Here We Are at Home," was an outstanding worker in a paper factory in a small provincial town before the war. During the war Vasya saw Europe for the first time, and life there made a great impression on him. When he returned home his previous life seemed "wretched" to him; he wanted to have "foreign things" and somehow live differently. Vasya gets to know black-marketeers and makes friends who involve him in risky undertakings. The upshot of it all is

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that Vasya and his new friends are arrested and see jail staring them in the face. Vasya's brother Zakhar, a Communist, had become director of the paper factory during the war. The secretary of the regional committee of the Party now calls in Zakhar and reproaches him for having shown insufficient "vigilance" and not having studied his factory workers enough, particularly those "whose youth was spent in battle and, most important of all, in Europe." Zakhar has to look into the matter and find out "in what way they are still under the influence of Europe." But this story, too, ends happily. The court takes into consideration Vasya's past record as a worker and the sincerity of his repentance.

THE figure of the former *frontovik* Senior Lieutenant Boyaryshnikov, in Pavlenko's story "Happiness" mentioned above is more complex. Colonel Voropaev, a Party member who lost a leg in the war, decides to settle in the Crimea, build himself a little home, and devote himself to arranging his personal life for a while. But the situation in the Crimea is such that Voropaev immediately bids farewell to his dreams of a quiet life, particularly since the secretary of the Party committee makes it plain to him that it is a practical impossibility. He is soon completely absorbed in the task of organizing *kolkhozy* and advances to the post of first secertary of the municipal Party committee. He succeeds in welding together a small *aktiv* of former *frontoviki* but suffers a setback when he tries to recruit Senior Lieutenant Boyaryshnikov. The latter never attends meetings and keeps to himself. When Voropaev asks what he did in the war, Boyaryshnikov replies drily: "I fought where my commanders sent me. I don't have to account to everyone." Moreover, Boyaryshnikov tells Voropaev, with a certain air of defiance, that he has no "big decorations" but his conscience is "at ease." From his manner of speaking one gathers that Boyaryshnikov was a Party member but became disillusioned.

The attitude of the *frontovik* Pavel Dryomov in Vsevolod Kochetov's novel "Beneath the Sky of the Motherland," published in the October and November 1950 issues of *Star*, is similar but more primitive. Captain Lavrentiev, who had graduated from the Leningrad institute of agronomy shortly before the war, obtains an agronomist's position in the village of Voskresensky on his return from the front. In order to get to know better the people with whom he will have to work, he visits the *kolkhoz* administration, where he

(*Continued on page 27*)

What Soviet Writers Think of The Saturday Review

E. ROMANOVA

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reprinted below is a translation of an article attacking* The Saturday Review *from the November 1951 issue of* Novy Mir, *the Soviet literary monthly published in Moscow.* SR *is glad to make this article available to its readers. The editors have cabled the editors of* Novy Mir *requesting them to allow similar space for an estimate of its article by* The Saturday Review. *The article, which was titled "The Theory and Practice of Literary Businessmen," is reprinted below in a translation by Professor Gleb Struve, author of "Soviet Russian Literature, 1917-1950," who brought Miss Romanova's essay to the attention of* The Saturday Review. *Only those parts of Miss Romanova's article that deal with* The Saturday Review *have been translated.* SR *has taken the liberty of footnoting several errors of fact.*

IN recent years the U. S. press has more than once lamented in its pages the weakness of the United States in the sphere of ideology. . . . The sphere of ideas is the "question of questions" to which the U. S. monopolists pay special attention today. The Wall Street bosses have to explain and justify ideologically the aggressive foreign policy and the regime of Fascist terrorism set up in their country. This determines the role assigned to literature and art in the United States today. The radio and the magazines, the theatre and the movies—all the most mobile media of American pseudo-culture—are being exploited by the U. S. imperialists in the preparation of a new world war.

In the unbridled propaganda of racism and misanthropy, in the fomenting of atomic psychosis and of war hysteria, an enormous part is played, as we know, by the periodical press of the United States, which is indissolubly bound up with American monopolies and lavishly financed by them.

The weekly magazine *The Saturday Review of Literature*, a publication which came into the keeping of the Morgan bankers' house twenty-seven years ago and is now closely related, through its editor, Norman Cousins, to the State Department, plays the first violin in this orchestra of lunatics. Unlike other magazines, such as *Life*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*, which have a much larger circulation and a much wider field of distribution, the *SRL*, with its approximate circulation of 80,000[1], is meant exclusively for the American home market. The magazine is called upon to mobilize all forms of American art for the purpose of carrying out the program of Wall Street, both in exporting American lies to other countries and in fashioning public opinion inside the United States. To indicate attitudes, to suggest themes, to dictate the general trend in the development of the arts—such are the tasks of the *SRL*.

In due course the magazine devoted a great deal of its space to the role of Hollywood in the "cold war." While enthusiastically echoing Truman, MacArthur, and Marshall, who more than once spoke approvingly of the services rendered by Hollywood in "selling Americanism" abroad, the editors of the magazine voiced, however, some grievances against the representatives of the American film industry. In an article entitled "Let's Look at the Message"[2] Norman Cousins wrote with obvious disapproval that among the films exported by Hollywood there were still many jejune comedies and pictures far removed from life. Norman Cousins spoke against this detached attitude to the problems of the

[1] SR's *net paid circulation as of June 30, 1951 totaled 110,393.*

[2] *An answer to a defense of Hollywood by Eric Johnston, entitled "Messengers from a Free Country." Both articles were published in SR March 4, 1950.*

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day. Much more to his liking are openly anti-Soviet films and such libelous "works of art" as "The Steel Helmet," a film recently produced in Hollywood, which sings praises to American murderers and stranglers of the heroic Korean people.[3]

THE editor of *SRL* and his closest henchman, Harrison Smith, have been for months vying with each other in singing hymns to those who inspired the aggression in Korea. Norman Cousins's and Harrison Smith's exuberant dithyrambs to those who fanned the flames of war in Korea are imbued with the self-satisfaction of well-fed businessmen to whom the war brings nothing but profits. No wonder that one of Harrison Smith's articles about the war in Korea bore a most unequivocal title: "A Time of Hope."

Cousins attacks the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Daily News* because these newspapers, which are known for their reactionary views, took the liberty of criticizing the present foreign policy of the United States. On behalf of the ruling clique of the USA, Harrison Smith frankly promises aid and support to any country which will resist the consolidation and growth of influence of the Soviet Union.

The entire activity of the magazine conforms to this attitude of glorifying the aggressive policy of the United States. It does everything to embellish the American pseudo-democracy and to soft-pedal carefully all the dark, repellent aspects of American reality. Day in, day out the magazine's editors and contributors keep telling writers, artists, movie actors, and other workers of American culture how important it is "to create a favorable world public opinion about the United States." The *SRL* speaks with anger of the realistic literature which for decades has been busy exposing the evils of American society. The magazine tries to convince its readers that the realist writers "have created a grossly distorted idea of the situation in the USA." In his article "Dilemma of the Young Novelist" Harrison Smith accuses young American writers of distorting the image of the United States. These writers, says Smith, have overlooked in the American scene those great changes which took place during the last years. According to Smith, young writers "failed to appreciate at its true value all the breadth of American reality."

An appeal to optimism at all cost, to a reconciliation with the existing state of things even if it is "downright bad," is constantly sounded in the columns of *SRL*. Sometimes the magazine plays up to the writers by expressing its conviction that American men of letters, guided by their inherent optimism, will of their own accord "switch over from the old melancholy tunes to something new." Sometimes it resorts to direct threats against those who dare raise a voice of protest or simply tell people the truth about the United States of today. One of Harrison Smith's editorials on this subject was significantly entitled "Quiet, Please!"

This is not the first time that these threats have been sounded in the magazine which zealously protects the interests of its bosses. As early as August 1949 one of the most eager agents of American imperialism, Elmer Davis, concluded his article "History Without Ideas" with the following words: "You may see a lot of things you don't like, but don't sell the United States short." Such is one of the principles of the vaunted overseas "democracy," which openly equates realism in art with treachery and high treason.

The American press, it would seem, is sufficiently mendacious and hypocritical. But this is not enough for *SRL*'s bosses. They insist on stamping out even those hints at the unseemly truth which find their way into the U. S. press. And Norman Cousins puts all his flunkey's zeal into carrying out the orders of his bosses. About two years ago Cousins proclaimed the slogan "Even Good News Is News," after first berating the American press for its predilection for murders, scandals, etc. In its search for "positive values" (to which, according to Cousins, it is high time to "rivet the attention" of the American people) the magazine introduced a special feature called Good News. The object of this cleverly concocted "information" is to distract the attention of the reader from vital and topical questions, from the fight against racial discrimination and wanton reaction. The meaning of Good News is largely clarified by the "reactions" of the readers, which are obviously put up by the magazine. Thus in one of the Letters to the Editor Cousins's slogan is enthusiastically taken up, and a demand is made that newspapers report "constructive doings" and renounce in their headlines such expressions as "struggle," "sharpening of conflicts," etc. A certain Joseph Grant babbles servilely: "Let us hope that your new feature . . . will open a new era in the history of our literature and journalism. . . ." This base flattery obviously pleased the magazine bosses. After the publication of this letter Grant has now been for about two years busy as a regular compiler of the Good News feature.

In one of the January issues for this year[4] the editors of the magazine decided to take special steps to attract the attention of their readers to the [Good News] feature, which normally appears on the twentieth or twenty-fifth page of the magazine. This time the feature contained fifty items instead of the usual seven or eight, occupied several of the first few pages, and was illustrated with photographs. The magazine reported with enthusiasm that the segregation of Negroes had been done away with in . . . *one* section of *one* U. S. railroad, obviously expecting to arouse in its readers tender emotions.

WITH no less zeal does the magazine look for "positive values" in the literary productions of American publishing houses. The editors of *SRL* never miss an opportunity of praising a book that is written in a vein dictated by the State Department. . . .

The magazine is carrying on a furious campaign, begun after the end of World War II, for "sanity" in American literature, for the depiction of a "normal" man; in other words, for creating in literature the image of a virtuous businessman, on the one hand, and of a strong-minded conqueror, an American SS man, on the other. Such are the "heroes" of Truman's United States, the "ideal" which the degenerate American-Fascist propaganda holds up before "honest Yankees."

Cousins and Smith would gladly

(*Continued on page* 63)

[3] *Norman Cousins never mentioned this film, which he has never seen.*

[4] *That is,* SR *Jan.* 6, 1951.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 455

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 455 will be found in the next issue.

DIUAD YADMDOICHA MD

OBA OYMZVWB NL

VMCK NEAY WIOOAY.

—ICNCQVNZD.

Answer to Crypt No. 454

Habit is habit, and not to be flung out of the window by any man, but coaxed downstairs a step at a time.

—Mark Twain.

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Fiction. *The Korean Incident has been put between book covers by a number of able newsmen during the past two years, but this week sees the publication of the first important novel about it. Pat ("Mr. Adam") Frank's "Hold Back the Night," which Charles Lee reviews below, is not a profound work, but it has narrative drive and humor—and will help readers comprehend the significance of what is taking place around the Thirty-eighth Parallel. Four other books reviewed this week achieve uncommonly high literary standards and make strong claims for the attention of discriminating readers. Mary McCarthy's "The Groves of Academe" (page 13) is witty satire on campus life; Bryan MacMahon's "Children of the Rainbow" (page 15) is an ingratiating novel of Irish life; Edith de Born's "The Bidou Inheritance" deals with a theme of universal appeal; and Elizabeth Spencer's "This Crooked Way" (page 16) is a well-told story of life in the Mississippi Delta country.*

—*Kevin McCarthy.*

Mary McCarthy—"stunning talent."

With Dog Company in Korea

HOLD BACK THE NIGHT. By Pat Frank. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 210 pp. $3.

By Charles Lee

MR. FRANK negotiates the long leap from the droll fantasy of "Mr. Adam" to the raw reality of the Korean War in "Hold Back the Night" with unexpected skill. What is more, he achieves certain unusual merits in his handling of the war novel. For one thing, he is brief. For another, and without loss of "toughness," he has his say without overdoing either obscenities or horrors. Best of all, his Marines seem to know what the fighting is all about; they neither bray nor whimper nihilism; they prefer to fight on the Yalu or the Thirty-eighth Parallel rather than on Main Street, USA.

All this is not to say that Mr. Frank has simply cooked up a patriotic tract, complete with khaki-clad Galahads in a conscious posture of heroics. The men of Dog Company are a pretty sorry-looking lot when we meet them, with their frost-cracked noses, their scanty ration of cheese and chocolate, and their all but vanished cigarettes. Only sixteen of them are left of a group of 126 that began as "a task force" charged with covering part of the big retreat imposed by Mao's aggression in December 1950. They complain, they gripe, they fall bitterly silent, but they fight like Marines and men. They can be pushed back but not down.

World War Two and a Half, as Karl Compton has labeled the action in Korea, will seem much closer to the reader after he has made acquaintance with the gallant remnants of Dog Company. Particularly memorable are Captain Mackenzie, "a gaunt, old, old man of thirty"; Sgt. Ekland, who knew the difference between cowardice and fear; and Raleigh Couzens, who experienced Chinese capture with the most surprising results (the interrogation, one cannot help noting, seems too artificially manipulated to be wholly convincing).

But it is the "group" that really commands our attention as it battles its way over exhausting terrain in freezing weather against a skilled and ferocious foe in a grim ordeal of kill or be killed. Dog Company faces surprise attack, snipers, the slithering operations of guerrillas (Mao is an expert in this phase of warfare), and head-on assault by great masses of Chinese trying to create a human "flood" to the sound of bugles and cymbals and shrill cries of *Sha! Sha!* (Kill! Kill!). Mr. Frank is no Hersey, but he writes action full of terse suspensiveness and variety.

"Hold Back the Night" may lack depth but it has narrative drive, humor, and point. You can't read it and not understand a little better why "the third-class piece of real estate" that is Korea is also a first-class issue. Mr. Frank gives us an eloquent reminder of the old relationship between the desperate but dauntless foot-slogging soldier of democracy and the path of the future. Incidentally, you'll have to read him to discover just how, in the midst of low-level battle and high-level prophecy, a very special bottle of Scotch becomes a kind of talisman to the survivors of Dog Company's epic march to the sea.

Charles Lee, who teaches at the University of Pennsylvania, served as book editor on Philadelphia and Boston newspapers.

Academic Mazes

THE GROVES OF ACADEME. By Mary McCarthy. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 302 pp. $3.50.

By Robert Halsband

NEAR Athens, in ancient Greece, Plato and the teachers who followed him taught under a grove of olive trees (sacred to the hero Academus). The groves in Miss McCarthy's novel are of ivied walls that shelter the fictitious Jocelyn College (sacred to progressive education), in the hills of Pennsylvania, and the teachers who scamper or stroll across its campus are a far cry from their professional ancestors. Their story begins on the day Henry Mulcahy receives his dismissal from Jocelyn. The rest of the sardonic, merry story tells how he leads the other members of the faculty to follow him through incredible labyrinths of intrigue.

For this he possesses great gifts: the ability for self-dramatization, the inability to distinguish fact from fancy, and a coloratura range of sophistry. As the pivot of the comedy he is an unwholesome combination of Walter Mitty, Puck, and Lucifer. His colleagues also are vividly described and anatomized—with a few brush strokes to show us their outsides, and a few scalpel thrusts to expose their insides: the chairman of the department, so mistrustful of himself that he is gregarious out of suspicion; the serious Russian girl, who solves her problems by asking herself, "What would Tolstoy say?"; the president, a liberal official

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type, trying to encompass so many opposite qualities that he is left "with a little wobble of uncertainty in the center of his personality."

The character who brings a logical end to the story is a plain poet; he also brings us a 20-20 bird's-eye-view of the groves: ". . . they had succeeded in leading him up the garden path into one of their academic mazes, where a man could wander for eternity, meeting himself in mirrors. . . . Possibly they were all very nice, high-minded, scrupulous people with only an occupational tendency toward backbiting . . . ; but he did not care to catch the bug, which seemed to be endemic in these ivied haunts."

Against such haunts the satiric weapon can be very effective, and healthful too, in stripping away neo-academic pretentiousness, and in exposing the mores of an intellectual caste. One of the points of the novel goes beyond this pleasantly confined fun. Mulcahy's most successful hoax is to claim that he had once been in the Communist Party, for he knows this will win his colleagues' loyalty. Does he need proof that he had been a member? Not these days, he answers himself, when you have to prove that you had not been! This kind of farce turns bitter when we see in our newspapers the documentation for such an ideological reign of terror.

In many other ways Miss McCarthy's book is fresh and new. She regards her characters with the gay detachment of the old comedy (that of Molière and Congreve), and not with the sentimentalism that is often substituted for it. If to understand all is to pardon all, she is so intent—and so successful—in understanding her characters that her compassion for them is implicit. No label can describe her book. It is the product of one of the most stunning talents today—of a fully nourished intellect, a virtuoso technique, and a sensibility as delicate as a spider's and as firm as a steamroller's. It cannot be matched, for sustained brilliance, since the early novels of Aldous Huxley.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 936)

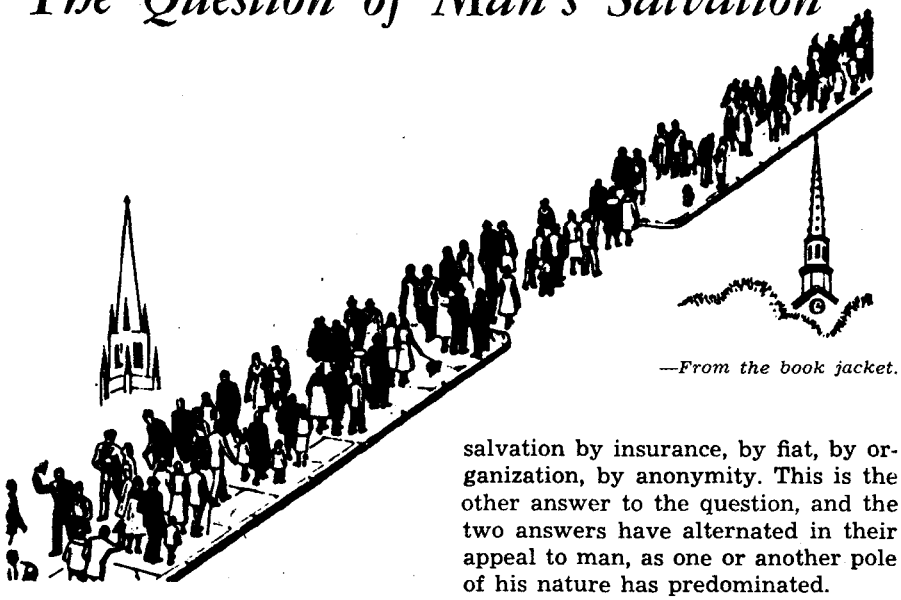
T. COSTAIN:

THE PAGEANT OF ENGLAND

(From "The Magnificent Century")

It was in Simon de Montfort's mind that the conception first grew of a house of governmental control in which all classes of men would have a voice and vote and he it was who had the sublime courage to make the experiment.

The Question of Man's Salvation



—*From the book jacket.*

BRIGHT PROCESSION. By John Sedges. New York: John Day Co. 305 pp. $3.50.

By NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

AT the heart of Mr. Sedges's new novel is a grave concern, one which he shares with every sober, thinking man alive today. He is relating the life and experiences of Stephen Worth, a fairly representative man of our times—vigorous, acquisitive, passionate, nonconformist—with this notable exception: that he is aware of himself upon a double level of consciousness. Worth is his own monitor and can look on at the process of his growth, taking notes. He has been married twice, once to Jane, a bright, avid, possessive girl as self-centered as himself; and then to Mary, who is his open door to the greater human experience of identification with the needs of others. "But why the difference?" he asks. "Why did one turn inward and, feeding upon herself, destroy herself, and why did another feed upon all life and in turn feed others? Where did the difference begin, in what hidden corner of childhood, by what circumstance of accident? Until this was known, how could mankind be saved?"

How, indeed, can mankind be saved? When this question used to be posed as a spiritual problem, referring especially to the soul of man, the answer was given that each man shall find salvation by seeking for wholeness and peace within himself. Salvation was an individual problem. In modern times the urgency is more desperate, and the time is terribly short, for it is not alone the soul that needs to be saved but the body itself, the existence of man. He fears extinction, and he grasps outward at straws. He seeks salvation by insurance, by fiat, by organization, by anonymity. This is the other answer to the question, and the two answers have alternated in their appeal to man, as one or another pole of his nature has predominated.

And in this time of urgency and outward seeking Mr. Sedges says that we must return to the individual for our salvation, that there is no other place where it may be found, that only as each man slowly and laboriously finds the good in himself shall the society of men slowly and laboriously find a good life. This is the high purpose of his book, and by it the book itself is sustained beyond the strength of its writing. For it must be admitted that Mr. Sedges is not equal to the task of writing a great spiritual novel. His Stephen Worth, the man who is transfigured in the midst of a materialistic life, is in fact a pedestrian figure. His words are clear, his thoughts are revelatory, yet it is difficult to believe that they rise out of a true agony of decision. He is well described, but he is not well created. He lacks in his first, acquisitive, public-relations-man appearance the true subtle, subcutaneous detail that, let us say, Marquand could have given him. And in his metamorphosis to the man of honest love for man he lacks the large new dimension of spirit that he must now possess.

But this inadequacy of the central character is by no means fatal to the book or its purpose. For if Stephen is not a blazing and transcendent figure he is nevertheless a clear and articulate one. He and the other actors in his drama—Jane and Mary, and his father, the obscure small-town minister, and his children, and the men and women with whom he deals—serve each and together to illuminate the premise to which Mr. Sedges has dedicated them. "Bright Procession," if not a first-rate novel, is a first-rate tract, better than most because its argument is seen in human practice, its truth in the process of gestation. It deserves to be widely read.

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Kerry Love Letter

CHILDREN OF THE RAINBOW. By Bryan MacMahon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 512 pp. $3.95.

By Ann F. Wolfe

YOU might call this story an Irishman's love letter to his youth. True, Bryan MacMahon makes the tiny Kerry village of Cloone his hero. But what invests the "anachronistic clump of thatched cottages" with romance is the vanished youth of the narrator. "This time I speak of," as wise Old Font said of his own youth, "our lives were so thronged with small beauties that you wouldn't think 'twas sons and daughters of the flesh we were, but children of the rainbow dwellin' always in the morning of the world."

The time, if you must have prosaic dates, was the mid-Twenties when "Ches" Macnamara, the narrator, and his friend Finn Dillon were somewhat younger than their century. Half solemnly, for he was a born leader, the villagers christened Finn Prince of Cloone. He was in love with perverse, elusive Shoon Lawlee. Ches, though he had his heart half set on Madcap O'Neill, became involved in a hopeless flirtation with the Anglo-Irish aristocrat Edith Mallory.

Disgrace and sorrow were Shoon's lot and Finn died the death of a fighting patriot. But neither Finn's tragic love nor Ches's errant courtship of Madcap O'Neill dominate "Children of the Rainbow." These themes thread the story as the cobbled path runs between Cloone's lime-washed cottages, linking turf fire to turf fire. This is the tale of a beshawled old village that, remembering bygone Shoons and Finns even unto the legendary generation of Grania and Diarmuid, could rise in noble wrath and force the great Dean to back down from his arrogant uncharitableness toward a "moral delinquent."

Cloone's tight-knit communal life, though rent by minor personal feuds and political differences, was ordered by religion, tradition, and the seasons. Coursing after hares, the dancing and harvest festivities of Patteran Day, a bit of salmon poaching, badger drawing, a farewell party for an emigrant to America, the ceremonial lighting of the Christmas Eve window candles, the rollicking pageantry of Wren's Day, the springtime excitement of the Old Fair—so ran the old ways and the old days. It was an Old Fair that brought violence and change to Cloone's most Homeric "notability." Metal Belly remained "as proud as Lucifer and as moral as Saint Michael" until a guileful tinker woman knocked on his door. Later, despite the picturesque alienation from his home and his past, Metal Belly was to lead disaster-swept Cloone back to hope and life.

Bryan MacMahon—"compassionate insight."

Edith de Born—"artistic restraint."

It is three years since Kerryman MacMahon charmed his way into the top rank of Irish storytellers with his first volume of tales, "The Lion Tamer." In his first novel he has not let us down. Though the prose of "Children of the Rainbow" is less limpid and the mood less innocent, these annals of a simple, faith-borne people search the recesses of the heart. The novel has everything—the rich color of Kerry, the unsurpassed poetry of Gaelic-tinged speech, magnificent laughter, dramatic action, compassionate insight into the human soul. Even less, much less—say the comic glory of vast Sergeant Bullug—would call for "Forever Cloone!" and the Raheela Roar.

French Provincial

THE BIDOU INHERITANCE. By Edith de Born. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 255 pp. $3.

By Henri Peyre

A FAVORITE topic of French fiction since the French Revolution has been the passionate attachment of a family to an inheritance jealously coveted and cherished. The theme, which has seldom inspired writers in English-speaking countries and even in Germany and Russia, doubtless reflects some features of the French character: love for money, especially for accumulated savings and land tilled with peasant tenacity, worship and fear of ancestors and mystical clinging to some old country-house, distrust of newness and of adventures, except the sacrosanct adventures in good eating and expert sipping of wines, which for the French are not adventures but codified rites. In spite of the unpleasantness of the subject and of the unconcealed hatred which novelists from Balzac to Mauriac have poured on those provincial and miserly characters, preferring their vineyards and their gold to their wives and to God and looking upon their children only as the inheritors of their accumulated savings, this type of novel continues to flourish in a France addicted to inflation, living in insecurity, and distrustful of bourgeois presence of mind to the extent of having more babies than she has had in a century.

The advantages of such novels about men of property and women of thrift, spied upon by their families and by their provincial surroundings, are indeed considerable. They take place in a precise setting of nature and country life, long impregnated by the presence of men. They offer free play to the quality which distinguishes French painters and writers alike, a tender love, both sensuous and spiritual, for the concrete. And the narrow range and stability of such novels help writers conjure up a vivid atmosphere better than the vast and changing American scene through which, from coast to coast and city to city, American novelists portray their wandering heroes crushed by their obsessive solitude in an immense and lordly humanized continent.

"The Bidou Inheritance" takes place in a little town in the Bordeaux region around the years 1910-25. Old Bidou, a widower, owns a shop there and shrewdly invests money, buys land and gold coins, depriving himself and his family of all luxury. His only daughter has married an impractical

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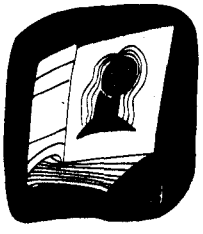
dreamer whom his father-in-law allows to live in penury. He is killed in World War I. The young wife, pretty and keen, cherishes his memory and raises her only son so that he may have more education and refinement than other men in her milieu. But, subdued by the domineering personality of the old miser, she consents to the humble life of a local shopkeeper, repressing all her romantic leanings of an Emma Bovary. Meanwhile, events shake the world without affecting the placid stability of the little town. Clericals and anti-clericals fight endlessly in the local elections. Bidou's friend and protégé Marius becomes mayor of the town, then deputy to Parliament. At last, Madeleine Bidou, at thirty-four, in order to escape the gloom of her home, has a love affair in Bordeaux. Bravely she accepts the challenge, to the indignation of her surroundings, and has an illegitimate child. Her tyrannical father, who divided his time between accumulating money and writing maxims, dies opportunely. Madeleine, left a millionaire and grieved by the unworthiness of her lover, who had only treated her as a naive provincial woman in need of romance, marries the mayor and deputy, who will adopt her child and prosper on her money.

"The Bidou Inheritance" has no great originality of theme or treatment. The characters, especially that of the seducer of Madeleine, a nobleman who is a counterpart to Flaubert's Rodolphe, are not delineated with uncommon power. A few details occasionally strike one as hardly convincing, such as the literary attempts of the old miser penning maxims of wisdom in admiration for Montaigne. The descriptions of nature fail to impart a poetical vision of the scenes. But the dull, mutilated life of the young woman dominated by her selfish and greedy father and especially the old miser, driven by his acquisitive mania and his horror of all that is sentiment and useless, imprint themselves upon the reader's mind. The novel boldly invites comparison with Balzac, Mauriac, and other giants of fiction. It does not come up to them, but it bears reading and even absorbs one to the end in spite of moderate gifts in the author.

Edith de Born is an Austrian-born woman who has lived in France and knows France intimately. She wrote her book directly in English. If she cannot be called a great writer, or at least not yet, she is undoubtedly a skilful one who, with great simplicity and artistic restraint, without any of the "modern" features of philosophy, any delving into the subconscious, morbid eroticism, flashy juggling with time and logic, has composed a well-made, a convincing, and an honest work of fiction.



Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

A QUIZ FOR JANE AUSTEN FANS

This week's quiz is submitted by Jane Creighton and Margaret Valentine, of Hamburg, N. Y. They note that much of the action in Miss Austen's novels is concerned with the constant journeyings back and forth from one fashionable estate to another. Readers are asked to identify the characters who made the journeys and the novel in which they appear. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of fifty is par, sixty is very good, and seventy or better is excellent. Answers on page 55.

1. From the comfort of Morland Park this family moved to the more confined Barton Cottage.
2. This irate gentlewoman traveled from Rosings to Longbourn.
3. This lady left Hartfield for wedded bliss at Randalls.
4. This gentleman condescended to leave Pemberley for a visit to Netherfield.
5. In order to care for his estate at Woodston, this hero often left his father's home, a converted abbey.
6. Invitations to dine resulted in this man and his wife making frequent trips from Hunsford Parsonage to Rosings.
7. This young lady's visit with friends was brought to an untimely end when she was dispatched home to Fullerton in a sad state of fears and tears.
8. A solicitous sister traveled on foot the distance between Longbourn and Netherfield.
9. Another case of sisterly affection was demonstrated when this young lady left Kellynch Hall to say at Uppercross Cottage.
10. This gentleman welcomed a large mixed party to his grand estate at Sotherton.

Delta Characters

THIS CROOKED WAY. By Elizabeth Spencer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 247 pp. $3.

By Cid Ricketts Sumner

LONG before Faulkner's mythical county became known, that small section of the state of Mississippi called the Delta had a reputation of its own throughout the Deep South. Hearing of some eccentricity of living, some quirk of extravagance or violence, people would say with a shrug of tolerance, admiration, perhaps envy, "Oh, that's how they are in the Delta." Elizabeth Spencer has written of these people. Her characters are definitely regional, but the regional is only the universal seen from a special angle, and she has been able to give her characters the depth and fulness necessary to make them believable, intensely interesting, and significant.

This is the story of Amos Dudley and the lives he touched, warped, and destroyed. He was the son of a small farmer with a big family, good people, as the saying goes in the South, a saying that in a curious way places in a lower social scale those to whom it is applied. In 1900, when he was a young boy, Amos had an experience at camp meeting. Jacob's ladder acquired meaning for him, and all along his crooked way he was wrestling with the angel. Ambition led him from home, he picked cotton with Arny, his friend, started a small store. Then when he saw Ary, a Morgan, plantation-born, he knew that to get her he must have land. Out of swamp acres he built fields, planted cotton, grew rich enough to get her.

The problem of arrangement and presentation is one of the novelist's most important, beyond having something to say and a story to tell. Here we have a book covering the life of Amos divided into five parts. The first and last sections are written from his point of view; the others, subtitled "The Indictment," show him as seen by Arny, by Dolly, who was his wife's niece, and by Ary, his wife. These are like searchlights turned upon Amos. One becomes too absorbed in the searchlights for their own sake. This may be an odd complaint to make, since it is a tribute to the power of Miss Spencer's writing. But there is in this dispersal of interest a loss of concentration and intensity.

Arny says of Amos, "I couldn't never figger him." But he sees that even in that period when Amos is struggling to become a planter, liv-

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ing with Thelma the witch woman, he "had figgered his whole life . . . the way a woman lays a pattern down on dress goods." When Amos lets Thelma go, bearing his child, Arny says that never before had he thought Amos Dudley an evil man. What's more, "he low-rated his own folks," and that was wrong too. Dolly, in her section of the book, finds Amos out in another way, and when he asks why she is leaving, answers, "Because I am afraid of you." The larger indictment is Ary's. Ary had married him because she longed for something more real than the carefree Morgan way of life. She shows us what Amos has done to their children, to herself, and to that almost incredible Joe, who might have been Amos's child by Thelma the witch woman. But Ary does not leave him, and in the end when he brings the raft of Dudley kinfolks to live with them, the Morgans being vanquished, she goes out gallantly to meet them as one meets welcome guests.

Miss Spencer writes with perception and sensitivity, often with extraordinary beauty. Yet unlike some of our writers in whom these qualities are found, she never goes off in a fog of lovely words which leave the reader wondering what it is all about. She is close to reality. Her first novel, "Fire in the Morning," was good. "This Crooked Way" is even better.

To a Boy

By Lionel Wiggam

I KNOW a boy whose eyes are large with secrets;
Their olive innocence is softly veiled.
We see him from our window, climbing hill-crests,
Alone and silent; somehow, we have failed.
For he is unyielding, cold, and we are powerless.
He is forever proof to all our guiles.
We cannot bribe his love with swects or marbles,
Nor tease him from his reticence with smiles.

But sometimes I would tell him: keep your counsel.
We should respect your secrets, having none.
Yours is the day's bright gold, and ours its tinsel.
Yours is the mystery which for us is done.

Keep your boy's dignity, be proud and strange.
And break our silly hearts. But do not change.

Fiction Notes

SPARTACUS. By Howard Fast. Distributed by Citadel Press. $2.50. As material for his latest novel, Howard Fast has taken the slave revolts that troubled the Roman Empire just before the coming of Christ. His dramatic tale is of Spartacus, the Thracian slave, who led the gladiators and slaves of Capua into an almost successful overthrow of cruel and decadent Roman masters. As an historian Mr. Fast is, as usual, persuasive. He has supplied all the homely details and evidences of careful research which, a few years back, called forth the critical encomium "one of America's finest writers of historical novels." As a polemicist he has happily restrained the tendency to the orotund phrase, the too sophomoric declamation of his political faith which marred many of his earlier works. He has written a novel, and as a novelist has made a signal advance.

"Spartacus" is peopled with roundly realized characters. We know not only the nobilities and strengths of Mr. Fast's heroes but also their weaknesses. More importantly, he has given us real glimpses into the humanity of his villains. He tells us what Graccus and Crassus are, in his book; but he also lets us know what they might have been. The result is a good novel which may suffer from the fact that attention to Mr. Fast has shifted from the book page to the front page.

UNAMBO. By Max Brod. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. Mr. Brod, who has been working as publicist and man of letters in the newly established nation of Israel, here combines some highly detailed and presumably well documented dramatizations of the military and ideological struggles that went into the creation of that country with some very muddy mysticism and a touch of undigested and undigestible science-fiction. The story—if you will have the patience to unravel it—concerns a film producer who is torn between his venal interests in getting ahead and his more morally motivated desire to serve the state. The mysticism involves the "devil" of opportunism and a *femme fatale* who will have to be played by Theda Bara. The science-fiction device requires a time-machine which any comic-strip reader could handle more smoothly than does Mr. Brod; Mr. Brod introduces every reference to this device with a self-conscious explanation that he doesn't know how it works. Nonsense! It would work fine in the right hands. It just doesn't belong in the handling of as serious a theme as Mr. Brod has tackled—and been thrown by.

NOW WE ARE FREE. By Marguerite Allis. Putnam's. $3.50. As do all wars, the American Revolution ended with a lot of problems unsolved. Miss Allis has taken up a couple of these—the question of extending the franchise and the problem of clerical domination of the Connecticut legislature—and woven them into an otherwise routine historical romance. The central character, Ashbel Field, is the one who must do most of the fighting, for freedom of speech and the press, for free education, for the opening up of Ohio. He must also cope with Miss Allis's lavish and somewhat artless use of plot coincidences. Without those coincidences, however, Miss Allis would never have been able to tidy up everything so neatly. There are some good scenes along the way but the general effect is of earnest good intentions set down in a rather plodding prose.

MARIANNE. By Rhys Davies. Doubleday. $3. Twins have traditionally had a hard time at the hands of fiction writers, and the set Mr. Davies has conjured up fares no better than the rest. Marianne—she is not the heroine, despite the title—gets herself pregnant early in the book by an unknown lover, and dies in childbirth. She leaves to her twin, Barbara, the implacable will to revenge this wrong. Barbara sets about marrying and then by psychological warfare destroying the man she holds responsible.

All of this adds up to a novel that has its tense moments but becomes pretty unbelievable before it has run its course. Rhys Davies is incapable of writing a graceless line, and his short stories have been among the most hauntingly evocative to come

(*Continued on page* 34)

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Personal History. *With the exception of General George C. Marshall, whose career is competently summarized by Robert Payne in "The Marshall Story" (page 19), the subjects of the biographies reviewed here scarcely have household currency. Yet all led rich and remarkable lives. William L. Chenery, who rose to the forefront of American journalism as editor and publisher of Collier's, provides many fascinating sidelights on the politics and journalism of the recent past in "So It Seemed" (below). Eugene Burns writes with gusto if not complete authority about the ebbing days of Hawaiian royalty in "The Last King of Paradise" (page 20). George N. Kates is a poet who sought a paradise in prewar China; he reports engagingly on what he found in "The Years That Were Fat" (page 20). A man who helped lay the foundations for modern Israel, culturally as well as politically, Eliezer Ben Yehuda, is the subject of Robert St. John's "Tongue of the Prophets" (page 21).*

Headlines in an Editor's Story

***SO IT SEEMED.** By William L. Chenery. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 300 pp. $4.*

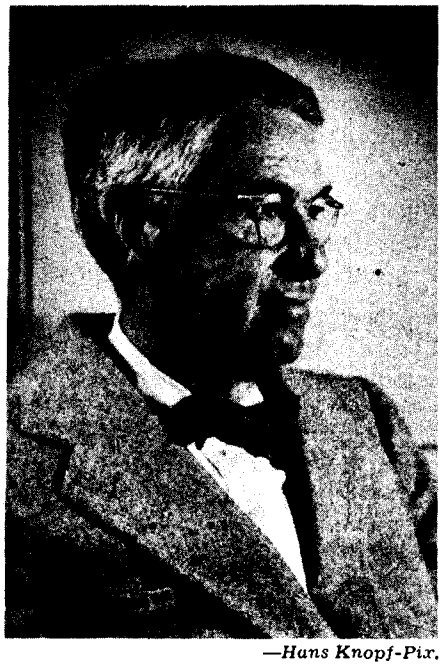
By Frank Luther Mott

THIS is the autobiography of a journalist who was a reporter and editor in Chicago, Denver, and New York, and then for a quarter-century successively editor and publisher of *Collier's*. Mr. Chenery's book makes absorbing reading. Many autobiographies are excellent for hop-skip-and-jump reading; but this one, though not written with marked brilliance or artifice, holds the reader to every page by its narrative of genuinely interesting events, its keen characterization of important personalities in the journalism, politics, and society of the last half-century, and the author's sound and temperate comment on life and affairs.

Though this autobiography is not, by specific disclaimer, of the confessional type, it does tell us a great deal about Bill Chenery. Though he has his proper measure of self-confidence and assurance, there is no arrogance nor hint of boastfulness. Toward the end of the book he speaks of himself as a "liberal journalist," and we can have no quarrel with that, in view of the inclusiveness of the term "liberal" in contemporary usage. Certainly Chenery's whole career has been dominated by a strong social consciousness, but many of his attitudes are definitely conservative. He is level-headed; he has a good measure of what used to be called "horse sense." His life has been conditioned by two early factors —his education for the Episcopal ministry, and a residence for several years at Hull House in Chicago.

Highlights in Mr. Chenery's story are found in his accounts of the Ludlow "massacre" and his relations with Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

He was editor of the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* when thirteen wives and children of striking coal-miners in the Ludlow district in Colorado were suffocated and burned to death and five men and a boy were killed fighting in an attack by armed guards on the homes of the strikers. Chenery's eloquent editorial on this outrage attracted national attention, and his demand for Federal troops to restore order was effective.



—*Hans Knopf-Pix.*
William L. Chenery—"temperate comment."

Winston Churchill was a regular contributor to *Collier's* throughout a full decade of Chenery's editorship. He once rewrote an article on King Alfonso of Spain five times before it suited the editors of *Collier's*—a procedure which proved his later remark: "I am a journalist and a professional." Chenery has a vivid picture of Churchill swathed in bandages after a motor accident, talking to him uninterruptedly for forty minutes about public affairs in a New York hospital.

Chenery's acquaintance with Roosevelt covered many years. Though *Collier's* strongly opposed the Roosevelt effort to "pack" the Supreme Court, and though its editor had and still has certain reservations about the Roosevelt statesmanship, Chenery had fairly close relations with FDR throughout most of his public career. Here is the full story of the secret contract between *Collier's* and Roosevelt by which the President was to become a staff contributor at $75,000 a year if and when he retired at the end of his second term. "I did not believe that we would ever be offered Mr. Roosevelt's services," writes Mr. Chenery.

There are many pen-pictures of the great and near-great and many anecdotes in this book. Jane Addams, George Creel, William Allen White, William D. Haywood, Francis Hackett, Frank A. Munsey, H. G. Wells, and many others are pictured and discussed in these pages. There is a chapter about Herbert Hoover, whom the author admires greatly, and comment on Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge. Chenery, a member of the Committee on Public Information staff under George Creel in World War I, was a member of a group from that staff which was sent to France during the negotation of the Treaty of Versailles, and was tremendously impressed with the European popularity of Wilson. He tells one good Coolidge story. Once when calling on the President in the White House, he learned that Coolidge was reading *Collier's* with regularity, sending a messenger out each week to obtain a copy a day in advance of regular delivery. Naturally, the editor was pleased, and inquired which of the important series they were then running had so deeply engaged the attention of the President. The answer was that he was much interested in one of Sax Rohmer's mystery stories and could hardly wait to find out what happened next to Fu Manchu.

Frank Luther Mott, dean of the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri, is the author of "American Journalism: A History" and other volumes.

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Portrait of a Modest General

THE MARSHALL STORY. By Robert Payne. New York: Prentice-Hall. 344 pp. $5.

By Mark S. Watson

A PRIMARY difficulty faced by those who yearn to write searchingly of General George C. Marshall is that General Marshall remains extremely uncooperative in the enterprise. Even in the Army's current efforts toward production of a documented and authoritative history of World War II, the architect of some of the war's greatest achievements has rarely been willing to give constructive aid in any marked measure, presumably lest he appear to be influencing history's judgment of him. This is a rare virtue in public men, but it has unhappy results. For among students and soldiers and statesmen there is great need of Marshall's own memoirs or at least his ready cooperation, based upon his intimate knowledge both of other men who shaped the past decade's earth-shaking events and of the circumstances which helped or hindered their efforts.

One is aware of this need when he reads accounts of performances in which the influence of Marshall was unmistakable, whether as soldier or statesman. One is aware of it, too, in reading the articles and the books whose authors have undertaken not only to record Marshall's actions but to appraise and explain them from incomplete available sources. For in such explanations a great deal must be conjecture, and often the knowledge that this is the case leaves the reader uncertain (in the absence of documentation) even of important assertions which are based on solid fact.

Like others engaged in his difficult task, Robert Payne has suffered from insufficiency of explanatory source-material for his present biography of General Marshall. Unhappily, too, long as is his printed list of sources, it does not include the several volumes already issued by the Army's Office of Military History, within which is an immense amount of documented material. Mr. Payne, who writes with great fluency, has done considerable work in a short time, but he would have done a better job with more time and more sources.

A good deal of information, new to most of us, is here provided on General Marshall's family background and his early life. A bright future was heralded by his rise at V.M.I. from an unimpressive "rat" to the first captaincy of cadets; by his leadership of his class at Leavenworth; by his memorable winning, while a junior officer, extraordinary tributes from such authorities as J. Franklin Bell and Johnson Hagood; by his signally fine staff work in World War I. Because at fifty-five he was "too young," he was promoted above colonel's rank only at fifty-six. But from that point on, owing to the arrival of World War II, he rose rapidly in grade and in authority.

The bulk of Mr. Payne's book is, of course, given to the years after 1939, when General Marshall became Chief of Staff—by coincidence, on the day when the war began in Poland. The author balances his praise of Marshall's achievements with frequent criticism of things which went wrong. With much of his criticism there will be common agreement, notably over the soldier's frequent "blindness in political considerations . . . ; the war had to be won; nothing else mattered." This is a fault with many first-class soldiers, the author quoting appropriately General Omar N. Bradley's rueful remark that "as soldiers we looked naively on this British inclination to complicate the war with political foresight and non-military objections." Yet some of the criticisms seem poorly based and at times inconsistent. Thus, while Mr. Payne notes on one occasion that "military decisions rested with Marshall in part, but the larger part was Roosevelt's," he seems on a great many other occasions to lose sight of that essential and undeniable fact, as well as of other responsibilities. A fuller study of available sources must have shown him how frequently the Chief of Staff and the Chief of Naval Operations alike, having failed to persuade their common chief, regretfully but necessarily bowed to their commander's wishes. Time may show, incidentally, that in some of those conflicts it was the politically sagacious civilian who was right.

—*Signal Corps.*

Gen. George C. Marshall—"a rare virtue."

On the unhappy China mission Mr. Payne writes with more familiarity than most; yet here, where his criticisms of Marshall are sharpest, he touches on the realm of the might-have-been with a confidence difficult to justify. Certainly if the course of Chinese events was as fully destined as the author believes, it is hard to attribute these misfortunes to the American negotiator. If "neither side really wanted peace" and each was bent on victory, there was small responsibility in Marshall's leaving China for discussions in America, or in his staying too long thereafter, or in his inability to make a firm choice between Nationalists and Communists, on which criticism is severe; the author cannot have it both ways. One regrets these conclusions more than such minor lapses as a 1945 reference to "Secretary Woodring," and to a "Navy Court of Inquiry" (instead of the more exhaustive Congressional inquiry into Pearl Harbor) and to an apparent illusion that last year's legislation constituted a full setting-up of Universal Military Training. For all this, the book is lively and readable; one wishes only that it were better.

Mark S. Watson, a member of the Washington staff of The Baltimore Sun, *is the author of "Chief of Staff: Prewar Plans and Preparations," a volume in the Army Department's Official History of World War II.*

The Church at Enfield, Connecticut

By Daniel G. Hoffman

STANDING clean and white and still
Your steeple honors what has been:
A monument to love and skill
And lost Colonial discipline,
Commending modern heart and eye
To grandeur in simplicity.

Who'd suspect that poised façade
Once housed a soul-devouring God?
That here grim Puritans have prayed,
Each alone in his body's cell,
And cringed while Jonathan Edwards flayed
Their natural demons down to Hell?

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Island Potentate

THE LAST KING OF PARADISE. By Eugene Burns. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 345 pp. $4.

By J. C. FURNAS

THIS account of Kalakaua, last King of Hawaii, known as The First Gentleman of the Pacific, belongs to a school of biography for which "imaginative" is one word, "overweening" another. It gives, with quotation marks, the exact conversation between the eleven-year-old hero and his white-haired grandmother when she personally initiates him into the art of sexual intercourse. It tells you that, when Lord George Paulet entered on aggressive dealings with the government of Kamehameha III, he shot his cuffs as he sat down. And so forth.

The technique is familiar. When the writer is well soaked in his subject and admits he is doing a biographical novel, it can make good reading. Mr. Burns, however, calls this book "a biography" and does not seem altogether adequate to filling in the synthetic detail.

The story of David Kalakaua is worth telling. He was the most conspicuous, if by no means the ablest, of the South Seas leaders who reacted to Western instrusion by trying to revive pre-white values. The implications of his megalomania, superstitions, personal charm, susceptibility to swindlers, opportunisms, and vulgarities are fascinating. They present a troubling mixture of cruel farce and patent emotional trauma that, seen against full background, could have the quality of a poignant novel. In his own overgrown person Kalakaua was Hawaii going down for the last time, weaknesses, pride, and all.

But this book leaves all that still to be written. Mr. Burns sees fit not to use much of the existing material about Kalakaua that best illuminates the man's charm and dignity. Hence, so far as his central figure can be called a portrait at all, it shows a chronic juvenile delinquent flat as a paper doll. Success of presentation is further handicapped by the way the characters—the King, his Polynesian entourage, and most of the whites—talk pure soap opera.

Granted, it is very difficult to convey in English dialogue of quality conversations that, so far as anybody

Eugene Burns—"synthetic detail."

knows, never took place between Hawaiian spouses of *alii* rank. If it must be done, however, the context must supply a specially rich texture backing it up, a feeling of essential, though fictional, reliability. I have faith in Mr. Burns's somewhat lip-licking account of the aristocratic Hawaiian game that was like post-office only more so, since I know his source to be authoritative. But many of the other data are distressing. I doubt if there were ever 300 whaling ships at Honolulu at one time—there wouldn't be riding room for 300 catboats. Fijians are not Polynesians, as he apparently believes. He has the population of gold-boom San Francisco going to the mines by day and returning at night—a matter of commuting hundreds of miles. He seems not to know that "pox" and "smallpox" mean different diseases. Those and a dozen others make confidence difficult.

But confidence might spoil the flavor of the conversation between Kalakaua and a girl with whom he has played postoffice-plus:

" 'What is it, Mele?'

" 'Why cannot we sleep on together, Flame Eternal? Dissolve these senseless old rituals. I know you are more man than god.'

"Kalakaua was stern. 'The ceremony of the Hale Naua must not be mistaken for mere physical gratification.' "

"As the girl's tears wet her cheeks afresh, he relented: 'I will roll the olona ball to you next time, Mele.' "

J. C. Furnas is the author of "The Anatomy of Paradise," "Voyage to Windward: The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," and other books.

Lament for China

THE YEARS THAT WERE FAT. By George N. Kates. New York: Harper & Bros. 268 pp. $4.

By ROBERT PAYNE

IN the Peking of the Thirties the last flowers of Confucian civilization were being gathered. They were winter flowers with a deadly pallor on them, but they grew on fertile soil, all the richer because it contained so many dead leaves and so much dead sea fruit. In those wintry days a classic and traditional civilization was vanishing before men's eyes. People watched it passing without envy, tranquilly, as one watches the fall of an avalanche, reasonably certain there was nothing they could do to prevent its passing. Now, like the heroine of the classic novel "The Dream of the Red Chamber," who sang a lament on the flowers she buried in autumn, George Kates has come to sing a lament on the China he knew in the brief period before the wars tore the country to pieces. It should be said at once that he performs his office with decorum and kindliness, and a vast understanding of Chinese moods.

A refugee from Hollywood, rich but not over-rich, equipped with little more than a knowledge of Chinese poetry in translation, Kates decided in 1932 to journey to Peking and live the life of a Chinese scholar. One could have prophesied that the venture was doomed to failure. He was something of an esthete, he liked comfort and ease, he adored being surrounded by servants, and he was possessed with an acute sense of social distinctions. He was one of many. There were perhaps a hundred foreigners in Peking who lived in remote courtyards and assumed the studied elegance of manner appropriate to a scholar: some of them went mad, and most were soon petrified. Kates belonged to the relatively few survivors.

He worked hard, steeled himself to master the complexities of the Chinese language, wore Chinese costume, rented a house which was once the wax storehouse for the candles used in the imperial palace, obtained permission to wander in the forbidden and dangerous areas of the Forbidden City, and attended lectures at Peking

Robert Payne is the author of "Forever China," "Mao Tse-Tung: Ruler of Red China," and other volumes on Asia.

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University. He lived with his Chinese servants, and saw to it that there were as few barriers as possible between himself and the presiding gods of Chinese culture.

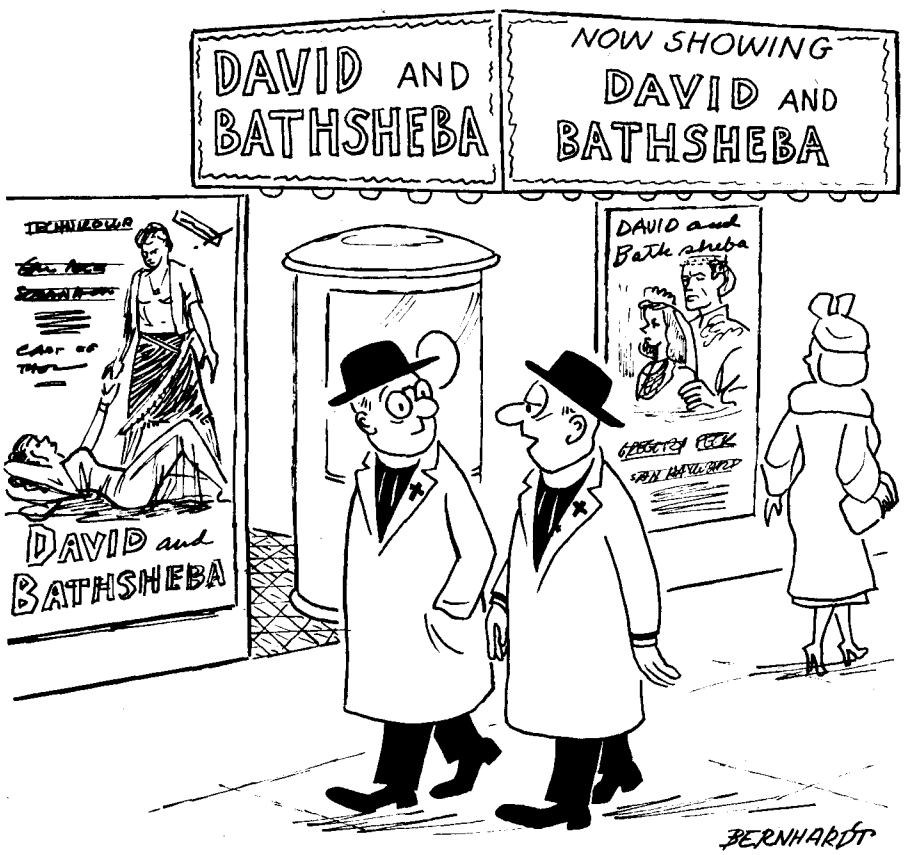
The gods, of course, were sometimes veiled. He did not always see them plain. There are times in his recital of the life of a Chinese scholar when a sense of strain intervenes; and something of the toughness of the Chinese language has entered his style, which owes a great deal to Chinese rhythms. His lamentations and descriptions are oddly impersonal. We do not *see* the people he describes, and there are even moments when he appears more at home among decaying palaces than among people. He translates Chinese poetry lamely. But he is excellent when he describes the moods of the city, the street-vendors' cries, the histories of the palaces and the temples, the practice of calligraphy, the strange habits of ricksha boys, and the hazards of learning Chinese. He found a civilization designed so that no one need be solitary, and in the end he returned to a civilization where everyone is solitary.

In his last pages he conveys with exquisite detail his horror of leaving China, though the Japanese were already in possession and the wars were just round the corner. "The way ahead," he wrote, "seemed to lead only from the heights where I had once basked joyfully in the Chinese sun, irrevocably downward, into darker stretches." It was 1940, and the fat was now turning to lean.

Why did the fat boil down so quickly? Kates hints at reasons. He mentions a Chinese sage who was asked to impart his wisdom to a disciple, and wrote in immense characters only the three words: "Endure, endure, endure." But he takes note, too, of the traditional Chinese horror of meeting fate head-on, their predilection for flight, the disastrous consequences of their pride and materialism. Yet for him their chief virtue, now as then, is their sense of the real. When a Chinese meets another Chinese, he does not say: "How are you?" but "Have you eaten?" Somewhere, half concealed in the rich depths of Chinese philosophy and custom, is a sense of the real so sharp that it is necessarily painful. When he comes to summarizing his seven years in China, he says admirably:

"In Asia men thus came more simply out of the soil, and they returned to it also more simply. There was less room for the elaborate misrepresentation of the chief purposes of life which is one of the strange fruits of our present civilization, growing ever more fatally apart from nature. 'Only birth and death are great,' said Confucius."

With such simple illuminations Kates throws light on the Chinese, who were once our friends.



"No, but I've read the book!"

A Living Language

TONGUE OF THE PROPHETS. By Robert St. John. New York: Doubleday & Co. 377 pp. $4.

By Robert Gordis

THE emergence of the State of Israel as a living entity constitutes a political and military achievement of outstanding importance in our times. The dramatic impact of these events has tended to overshadow the social and economic significance of the new nation as well as its spiritual and intellectual foundations. All the more welcome, therefore, is Robert St. John's biography of Eliezer Ben Yehuda, who, virtually single-handed, brought about the revival of Hebrew as a spoken language after a lapse of twenty centuries.

Born in 1858 in a hamlet in Lithuania, he received an intensive traditional Jewish training in Bible and Talmud. Continuing his education in Paris, he became a consumptive at the age of twenty through overwork and undernourishment.

In Paris he wrote his first piece in Hebrew, characteristically entitled "A Burning Problem." This appeal for the national rebirth of the Jews was significant, not merely because it antedated Herzl's "Jewish State" by sixteen years, but because he coupled it with an appeal for the revival of the Hebrew language. For Ben Yehuda no wall separated the ideal and the real. He resolved to go to Jerusalem in order to implement his ideas and invited the daughter of one of his former teachers in Russia to become his wife. Deborah became, as Ben Yehuda proudly put it, "the first Hebrew mother in two thousand years." When their first child was born he was exposed only to Hebrew. When Deborah later died of tuberculosis, he married her younger sister, who also carried on as his loyal and devoted helpmeet.

Because thousands of words simply did not exist in Hebrew, Ben Yehuda resolutely set about the task of resuscitating old terms buried in obscure literary sources, or borrowing from the rich Arabic vocabulary, or coining new words which would be authentically Semitic in character. He then would undertake to battle for these words in the columns of the paper he edited. That Hebrew was being used for secular purposes scandalized the ultra-Orthodox Jewish community of Jerusalem. Ben Yehuda's strong opinions on the various political, social, and educational problems of his

(*Continued on page* 72)

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The Saturday Review

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The Book Isn't Everything

"I HAD the advantage of being born at a time when the world was agitated by great movements, which have continued during my long life," Goethe once wrote. "I am a living witness of the Seven Years War, the separation of America from England, the French Revolution, and the whole Napoleonic era, with the downfall of that hero, and the events which followed. Thus I have attained results and insights impossible to those who must learn all these things from books."

There was no lack of respect for the world of books in what Goethe said. He was part of that world, but he knew that no book could tell a man as much as he had to know in order to understand his own times. Great books could define the great principles, but they could never anticipate the startling and sometimes shattering variations of the conditions and circumstances that would test or illustrate the principles. Thomas Jefferson moved with as much assurance and pleasure in the literary kingdom as any American statesman in our history. Indeed, he described books as the most important capital that any professional man could have, and said that he himself "could not live without books." Yet, looking back on his own lifetime, he could write that his years in government taught him more than he could receive in a century of book-reading. Emerson put it even more succinctly when he said, "Only so much do I know as I have lived." Carlyle, for all his veneration of books, knew that compared to life itself books were "a triviality." And John Locke regarded experience as the foundation and repository of all knowledge.

Not too much is known about the life or philosophy of Thucydides, but we do know he wrote his epic "History of the Peloponnesian War" out of the conviction that none of the old writers, not even Homer, could prepare a Greek citizen for comprehending the war, which he described as "the greatest movement yet known." Nothing in the literature or the annals of Hellas, he wrote, compared with living history. As for that illustrious contemporary of Thucydides—Socrates—we read in De Vesmes's fine study that Socrates never allowed his knowledge or his reading to have priority over "the only touchstone at our disposal, the touchstone of experience."

There was nothing illogical or synthetic about the humility of these great bookmen in calling attention to the limitations of the book. No book can enable us to know everything that is to be known, or feel everything that is to be felt. A book is part of life, not a substitute for it. It is not a fit subject for worship or enshrinement. It loses its charm and much of its value when accepted uncritically. No one would have been more disturbed than Aristotle if he could have known of the excessive and harmful veneration that would be accorded his ideas in centuries to come. When his works became the last words of advance knowledge, such knowledge became neither advanced nor vital. Instead of using Aristotle as a powerful whetstone for sharpening the critical faculties in carving out ever larger areas of knowledge, the early medieval scholars allowed their thinking to be dulled by literary ancestor worship.

The particular occasion for these remarks is that there are signs here and there that some of us in the book world may be taking ourselves too seriously. In the effort to increase book reading some extravagant things are being said about books. It is made to appear that nothing is happening now that has not happened before, and that the only true approach to understanding is through books. We do neither service nor justice to books by imposing upon them such omnipotence and omniscience. Many of the answers we need today are not necessarily to be found between covers. There are elements of newness in the present dilemma of man that will not readily be disposed of by required reading or ready reference. Books are not slide rules or blueprints for furnishing automatic answers. What is needed is a mighty blend of the wisdom of the ages with fresh, razor-edged, analytical thought.

Another mistake made by many of us in the book world is to make books sound so confounded good for people that you can't blame them if they would rather die than read. Even goodness can be a crushing weight when it becomes compulsory. Or we will damn books by speaking of them with hushed awe. Overawed people are sometimes the most difficult to persuade.

SO far as our friends the librarians are concerned, we are afraid they have overdone the virtues of silence. Contemplation and chaos don't go together, but there is altogether too much restraint in libraries. A place comes alive when people can laugh out loud, when friends can discuss the things that concern them, and when other people can eavesdrop without too much straining. Keep the reading rooms sealed off, but make the rest of the library hospitable to the sound of the human voice. Bookshelves are not a final resting place for the written word; they are or should be traffic centers of ideas—even when the traffic is noisy. The important thing is to get rid of the feeling that services for the dear departed are going on just across the hall.

A good book is a supple and yielding thing. It is meant to be argued with, challenged, marked up. It is a battleground for ideas and should show some evidence of a fight or at least some preliminary skirmishes. It is good for igniting minds—even if the resultant illumination shows it at a disadvantage. It achieves a noble function if it leads directly to the writing of a better book on the same subject. It can never replace needed action or thought, nor can it become the be-all and end-all of a balanced and productive life. —N. C.

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Asps' Poison

SIR: In *SR* Feb. 16, Laura Hobson and Lenard Kaufman show that the critic-author relationship is as lively as ever. I especially enjoyed the way Mr. Kaufman, in his novel "Diminishing Return," compared critics to crickets, since this is an exact echo of the remarks of an Elizabethan, John Florio, on the subject. "As for critics, I account of them as crickets . . . They lurk in corners but catch cold if they look out . . . They are bred of filth, and fed with filth . . . They are . . . like swine, that leave the clear springs to wallow in a puddle."

In a later book Florio became even more annoyed and declared that critics—"those notable pirates in this our paper-sea"—were "beasts rather than men." Their "teeth are cannibals, their tongues adder-forks, their lips asps' poison . . . their breath the breath of a grave." This corresponds nicely to Mrs. Hobson's remarks on the Killer, and was echoed by many Elizabethan writers. Thomas Heywood finally said that the topic of critics was such "a general subject in the front of every book" that he, for one, was going to be lofty enough to ignore it.

The language used by Elizabethan authors is in general more brisk than anything Mrs. Hobson would find today. As one writer pleasantly told another: "Squeeze their heart into thy inkhorn, and it shall but congeal into cloddered garbage."

MARCHETTE CHUTE.

New York, N. Y.

Brooks and T. S. Eliot

SIR: It is interesting to note the way in which the pendulum is swinging away from Eliot and Pound toward what are called "hopeful" or "more understandable" works of art.

Van Wyck Brooks's attack on Eliot ["Faith vs. Doubt in Literature," *SR* Feb. 9] is based, it seems to me, on incomplete quotation, in the manner of McCarthy and Buckley, and on a lack of understanding of what, say, "The Waste Land" really stands for and what "Four Quartets" (completely ignored by Brooks) clearly indicates. Anyone can base remarks and find fault with a part of what a man says. . . .

What Brooks seems to advocate is a literature that is, according to his lights, as wholesome, unrealistic, obvious, and simple as the barbaric yawp of Whitman. Yet of the people he alleges to be on his side, Hart Crane, Faulkner, Lewis, Fitzgerald, and Steinbeck, for example, all are realistic and true. Each paints facts, as does Eliot—things as they are, battered souls in battered bodies. From that point of view, they all could be considered writers of little hope. Yet each in his way, including Pound and Eliot, finds a ray of reliance. . . .

The eulogists have had their day, and here come those other extremists, the debunkers. Honest skepticism is a good attitude to take toward both; yet in the oncoming avalanche, that may well obliterate Eliot for a while it should never be forgot that Eliot is a man who knows how to write.

FRANK S. MACSHANE.

North Andover, Mass.

SIR: It was with regret that I read Van Wyck Brooks's "Faith vs. Doubt in Literature" [*SR* Feb. 9] . . . The author distorts outrageously Eliot's meaning when he uses the term "hollow men" to suggest that Eliot looks about him at his fellow men and dismisses them disdainfully with a sneering "Oh you hollow men, you!" It is certainly quite obvious that Eliot is indicting himself—"We are the hollow men"— along with the rest of those who are neither for God, nor against Him, or, if you like, neither for man nor against him. He suggests that Hell (orthodox or humanist) is the only fit penalty for our smug indifference to, let us say, our neighbor. . . .

CHRISTOPHER E. FULLMAN.

Madison, Wisc.

SIR: In H. S.'s editorial "Strange Paradox" [*SR* Feb. 9]. Van Wyck Brooks is praised for giving us a satisfactory explanation of the dilemma in which the best of our modern writers have been placed, and it is suggested that in the future they stop worshiping "among other strange gods, at the feet of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound," and worship instead at the feet of those who believe in the idea of the natural goodness of man "in the destiny of this country and the progress of mankind" . . .

You object to Eliot's belief that human beings are sinners. As an aspiring writer, I choose not to go along with you, for, alas, I have come to believe I also am a sinner, a miserable sinner, and I have given up making a liar of myself trying to deny it. According to my understanding of sin, it is my capacity to do evil knowingly. God gave me the freedom of will, but I can misuse it. Sin is also pretension. I am tempted to be what I am not or cannot be due to the inordinacy of my desires. This is the negative side. The positive angle is that I have the capacity for regeneration, and I am grateful for any bit of the divine spark which God will send my way. . . .

A writer has tremendous responsibilities, particularly an editor. When you take it upon yourself to define America's creed as a belief "that there is nothing so bad that it cannot be made better, and that *we are the people to know how to do it. . .*," when you ascribe to us an "inexhaustible spirit which has led us so far toward our hope for the freedom and the unity of all mankind," when you insist in your last sentence on the "American belief in the destiny of this country and the progress of mankind," you are making pretensions which we may be unable to live up to.

Please be advised that there are many "miserable sinners" who love and believe in the greatness of our country, but who hope that it will not be tempted to acquire a Messianic complex. We have sad evidence of nations that did.

DIANA S. PURRINGTON.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: It is a very great delight as well as a tremendous source of satisfaction to know that Van Wyck Brooks's position in our literary world and in our world of democratic effort are both understood so well.

JOSEPH G. MASTERS.

Smethport, Pa.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And I hate this modern furniture!"

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NEW EDITIONS

THE second edition of Georg Schwarzenberger's "Power Politics" (Praeger, $12.75) is an exceedingly valuable, objective survey and study of the world in which great and little nations are now unhappily embroiled. Cold-bloodedly, but without cynicism, Dr. Schwarzenberger—reader in international law in the University of London—successfully realizes his announced purpose, which "is to provide a working theory of international relations which fit the facts and main trends of international relations, past and present, and which puts the proper emphasis on the real driving forces in this turbulent society."

In the first part of his 900-page book the author defines and describes the elements that have gone into the making and functioning of power politics, with its instruments, strategy, and tactics; in the second part, "Power Politics in Disguise," he discovers to his readers the face of recent historical reality behind the veils of deceit and idealistic illusions; in his third section he sets forth the conditions essential to the establishment of a true international order. Neither pessimism nor optimism sways his thinking. Lucidly, and often with dry wit, he hews to his factual line. "International society has reached the scale of a world society," he declares, but whether for good or evil he does not say. "The bond that holds world society together is not any vague community of spiritual interests. It is power. A society ultimately based on such a mechanical principle has few, if any static elements. It is in a state of perpetual flux." In his opinion "international society has reached the penultimate stage in the process of complete concentration of political power in one world State." (It should be noted that this does not mean that the ultimate stage necessarily will be reached. World chaos is an alternative.) In the development of the Atlantic Union, as the nucleus of a world federation, lies the best hope of the West. But—"Unless it is consciously built as an open community, and unless it is imbued with the spirit of brotherhood and sacrifice, this Union, too, would quickly degenerate into another of the antagonistic groupings of power politics in disguise. It would be merely another exercise in collective folly: a new version, as ambitious as it were vain, of the eternal Tower of Babel." An extensive bibliography concludes this remarkable book.

SPEAKING of world states, an excellent selection from the literature of one of the greatest of such states will be found in "The Portable Roman Reader" (Viking, $2.50), edited with knowledge, skill, and taste by Basil Davenport. Beginning with Plautus's "Amphitryon," and ending with a passage from Boethius, Mr. Davenport has chosen capable translations from a score of distinguished Roman writers belonging to eight centuries, and has supplemented his general introduction with sage and lively introductory notes to the several historical-literary periods.

Arthur Gardner's "A Handbook of English Medieval Sculpture" has been first in its field since 1935. Now it has been revised and enlarged—the number of illustrations has been increased from 490 to 683—and, no longer a handbook, has been published in a much handsomer format (Cambridge University Press, $10). Designed for students, this beautiful volume is also a fascinating browsing ground for the inquiring amateur. But I am sorry to see that the useful "List of Illustrations" has been omitted from this new edition.

"The Course of Europe Since Waterloo" (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $5.50), by Walter Phelps Hall and William Stearns Davis, is authoritative, well-proportioned, well-organized, readable, and furnished with many necessary maps and interesting illustrations. I am glad to see Ludwig von Mises's devastating analysis, "Socialism," brack in print with a new epilogue (Yale, $5). It should be required reading for all those who believe in the easy assumptions of Socialistic thinking. Recent additions to the handy, sound Rinehart Editions—admirably edited and introduced by various hands—are "Five Plays" by Shakespeare, Coleridge's "Selected Poetry and Prose," Milton's "Paradise Lost and Selected Poetry and Prose," Shelley's "Selected Poetry and Prose," Byron's "Selected Poetry and Letters," Keats's "Selected Poetry and Letters," Hauptmann's "The Weavers—Hannele—The Beaver Coat" (75c each), and Pope's "Selected Poetry and Prose" (95c).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Ideas & Studies.

Anyone curious about the intellectual ferment that preceded World War II is certain to find illumination in two new books reviewed below. Oswald Spengler and his "The Decline of the West" became household words in Germany and paved the way for Hitler and the Nazis. Now in "Oswald Spengler: A Critical Appraisal" H. Stuart Hughes has summarized expertly and in brief compass the man's life, work, and significance. One of the most bizarre and still one of the most mysterious influences of the period was that exerted by G. Gurdjieff and P. D. Ouspensky. Kenneth Walker throws light on some of it in "Venture with Ideas" (page 26). It is quite possible that some day a young woman named Simone Weil, who died in 1943, may be accounted among the most important intellectual forces of our own day. On page 26 Thomas Sugrue reviews her book, "Waiting for God"; her "Needed for Roots" is promised for this spring.

Philosopher of Doom

OSWALD SPENGLER: A Critical Estimate. By H. Stuart Hughes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 176 pp. $2.

By J. Salwyn Schapiro

A PHILOSOPHY of world history gains general significance after the tragedy of a world war. That was true of Hegel's "Philosophy of History" after the Napoleonic Wars, of Spengler's "The Decline of the West" after the First World War, and of Toynbee's "A Study of History" after the Second World War. Spengler's two big tomes were filled with erudition and abstract speculation, yet became a best seller on both sides of the Atlantic. And the reason was that the book gave an answer to the question, what was to be the future of mankind after the most devastating of all modern wars up to that time. The answer, that Western civilization could not escape the universal verdict of doom, served to intensify general interest by adding fear to curiosity. Almost everywhere Spengler was hailed as "the philosopher of the hour."

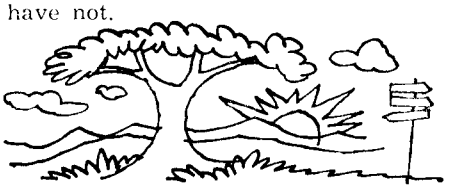
Now after the Second World War, far more devastating than the First, interest in Spengler has been revived. This is evidenced in part by the appearance of the book under review. Though small it contains almost everything that the general reader needs to know about Spengler and his famous book: personal biography, a critical analysis of the "Decline," its relation to other philosophies of history, the controversy aroused by its views, and an evaluation of Spengler's political opinions, all this without crowding and without sacrifice of style. Mr. Hughes has a flair for the salient fact and for the significant idea, a gift highly essential to an historian of ideas. Hence his little book is a triumph of condensation, being both informative and readable.

According to the Spenglerian thesis, history is the record of a succession of "cultures," each constituting a separate, closed unit with its distinctive pattern of life and thought. Like a biological organism, a culture goes through the inevitable process of birth, growth, maturity, decline, and death, to be succeeded by a new culture, and so on to all eternity. This cyclical view of history, which Spengler took over from the Greeks, eliminates completely the idea of progress, and with it the hope of a better future for mankind. Western culture, like its predecessors, has been going through the same cycle. Its creative period had been when an élite, the nobility and priesthood, had ruled Europe. Its decline began with the advent of the bourgeoisie to power, as was evidenced by the "omnipotence of money" in society and by the demoralizing activities of parliament in government. And now that the masses rule, the cycle is on the way to its completion. Democracy is the mark of death, and the present generation is witnessing Western culture in the throes of dissolution. The twentieth century, far from being a period of peace, progress, and democracy, will be one of war, tyranny, and universal ruin. This was the "sombre, murky vision of the doom of our civilization," as seen by the most famous German philosopher since Nietzsche.

Though the "Decline" is filled with much learning Mr. Hughes does not consider it a scientific treatise. He sees in Spengler an intuitive seer rather than a scholarly historian, whose major contribution is in a field "somewhere between literature and philosophy." Whether true or not the "Decline" has a "character of excitement, of tension, and of evocative melancholy" which deepens the reader's comprehension of a culture, the rise and fall of which is described with the sweep and depth of a world drama. But Spengler, according to the author, has serious shortcomings. His knowledge of economics is weak, and in expounding the theory of the élite he is only a "second-rate Pareto." Moreover, he constantly reveals narrow prejudices, biased interpretations, and dogmatic conclusions. Furthermore, Mr. Hughes rejects the cyclical interpretation of history because, as a Westerner, he refuses to accept "the determinism of inevitable decline" that leads to the repudiation of the great freedoms gained after centuries of progress.

What was Spengler's politics during the crucial period of the Weimar Republic? As may be expected he regarded with deep hostility the establishment of parliamentary democracy as a sign of decay and as a betrayal of the German "soul." With his "deeply-rooted feeling for birth and hierarchy" he lined up with the Conservatives. However, it must be said to his credit that Splengler opposed the Nazis and was bitterly denounced by them as a renegade. Nevertheless, Mr. Hughes makes a telling point by observing that he was "a precursor gone wrong" because the "Decline" served as a powerful influence in accelerating the "process of intellectual softening-up by which Hitler was eventually to profit." Spengler had taught "the masses to despair of change and the ruling classes to show resolution in maintaining their authority." What prevented him from being a good Fascist was "a combination of personal fastidiousness and political illusion."

In these days of revived interest in the philosophy of world history Mr. Hughes's book is to be recommended as a judicious appraisal of "The Decline of the West" to those who have previously read it—and to those who have not.



J. Salwyn Schapiro, professor emeritus of history at the City College of New York, is the author of "The World in Crisis," "Liberalism and the Challenge of Fascism," and other books.

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New Kind of Saint

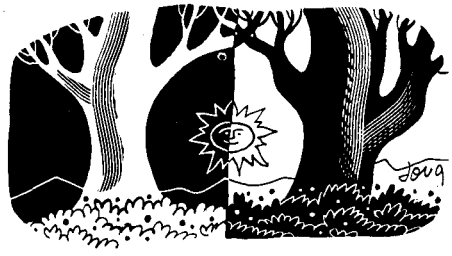
WAITING FOR GOD. By Simone Weil. Translated by Emma Craufurd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 227 *pp.* $3.50.

By Thomas Sugrue

SIMONE WEIL lived only thirty-four years, from 1909 to 1943. Much of her life she was ill, and always her health was fragile; from the age of fourteen she suffered migraine headaches; when she tried the hard physical labor she wanted most of all to do she invariably collapsed. She was clumsy and unattractive, and she purposely wore dowdy clothes. She wanted to identify herself with the exploited working class, but when she went to live among the poor she fell sick and her bourgeois parents had to come and take her home. She tried being a Communist, but her brilliant mind, trained in philosophy, saw through Marxism as the eye sees through a thin dress. In the midst of this confusion and among the obstinacy of her ambition to suffer, she was suddenly set upon by God; in Portugal one day, while she endured migraine and listened to a Gregorian chant, He hurled her to the ground of her soul and shouted in her ear. Thereafter His reality and the possibility of entering His presence were the purpose and the end of her life; without preparation or knowledge she fell into a career of contemplation which, as Leslie A. Fiedler says in his excellent introduction to this volume, is perhaps unparalleled since the time of St. Teresa of Avila. In her final years she was able to experience union with God merely by saying the Pater Noster.

She had never read the mystical saints; she knew nothing of religion; she had never prayed and could not bring herself to make the gestures and obeisances of any ritual. Her family were non-religious Jews, comfortable and respected. She rebelled from them into self-inflicted poverty, and from this she went into the self-inflicted disciplines of the mystic. She met a Catholic who was a lay theologian, and she made friends with a wise Dominican; but she did not join the Church. Her position, as she saw it, was to remain always with those who were exiled, who were outside the fold, who did not belong, who were without the privileges of organization and power. She could not put up with the Church's exclusiveness and social activities; she was too much alone within herself to abandon those all over the world who were also alone, whether socially or psychologically. She believed a new kind of saint was needed, one belonging to the outsiders of society. Without intention, and with no realization of what was happening, she became that saint herself.

Her intelligence was high and her honesty was fanatical; between the two she squeezed each problem which came to her until its essence was pressed out in her mind. Into a prose built on paradox and contradiction she then let the essence drip, creating, in a mass of notes, in a few essays, and in certain letters, a picture of her interior self which reveals the dark night of the soul in all its lonely and splendid terror, and which described the hand of God feeling through spir-



itual darkness for the hand of the soul. So vivid are her descriptions of pain, of longing, of desolation, that they induce completely these feelings in the reader. So sharp are her analyses of ordinary human situations that these situations seem clearly visible for the first time. Her essay on affliction is unsurpassed by any who have attempted that subtle subject; she saw the frightening truth of what people do to those who are afflicted, and what God does to them. She came to religion and mysticism without briefing and without prejudice, and what she observed and experienced she set down without hedging or hypocrisy or self-deceit. It is impossible, because of this, to give the quality of her thought except by quoting it.

"When a soul has attained a love filling the whole universe indiscriminately," she wrote, "this love becomes the bird with golden wings that pierces an opening in the egg of the world. . . . Friendship is the one legitimate exception to the duty of only loving universally. . . . God is so essentially love that the unity, which in a sense is his actual definition, is the pure effect of love. . . . This universe where we are living, and of which we form a tiny particle, is the distance put by Love between God and God. We are a point in this distance."

Simone Weil was certain, and God must have thought her worthy. Otherwise He would not have given her such pain, such affliction, and such comprehension. The last words she wrote were, "The most important part of education—to teach the meaning of *to know.*"

The Secret System

VENTURE WITH IDEAS: Meetings with Gurdjieff and Ouspensky. By Kenneth Walker, New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy, 212 *pp.* $3.25.

By Anne Fremantle

IN 1923, on a Thursday, Dr. Kenneth Walker found himself searching for the number on the badly illuminated front door of a house in Warwick Gardens, Kensington. He had been invited by a friend to hear P. D. Ouspensky lecture. This lecture changed his life; for the next twenty-four years —until Ouspensky's death in 1947— he was a follower of his "system," a member of his school. From 1947 to 1949 he followed Ouspensky's own teacher, G. Gurdjieff. Both Ouspensky and Gurdjieff have had posthumously published books, detailing their ideas. Ouspensky's "In Search of the Miraculous" tells of his own experiences with Gurdjieff, and gives, moreover, the substance of the lectures delivered at Warwick Gardens and elsewhere. Gurdjieff's "All and Everything" was read aloud at Gurdjieff's Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man, housed in the Château de la Prieuré, Fontainebleau. About this Institute a certain amount has been written: it is well known that Katherine Mansfield died there, and her own letters give a glowing account of the place: "It's like Gulliver's Travelers. One has, all the time, the feeling of having been in a wreck and by the mercy of Providence got ashore . . . somewhere. Simply everything is different. Not only language, but food, ways, people, music, methods, hours—all. It's a real new life." And her husband wrote, "There was a blend of simplicity and seriousness in most of the people I met there . . . which impressed me very deeply."

But of Ouspensky's group far less was known, mainly because he made everyone coming to the lectures, as Dr. Walker puts it, "promise that nothing that was learned at his meetings should be spoken about in public or allowed to appear in print." (Actually, the promise included any mention even in private. If a husband were in "the work" and his wife not he might not tell her where he went, or what he heard, and vice versa.) Except for an occasional eavesdropper, such as Rom Landau, who in his "God Is My Adventure" gave an account of the Warwick Garden meetings, nothing

(*Continued on page* 56)

Anne Fremantle is the author of "Desert Calling" and "James and Joan."

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INSIDE SOVIET LITERATURE

(*Continued from page 11*)

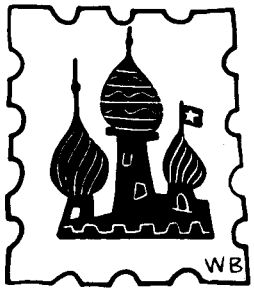
finds a number of people engaged in animated conversation. Lavrentiev's eye is immediately caught by a young man in a faded military shirt. His name is Pavel Dryomov; he is an undisciplined, "balky" fellow who quarrels with everyone. When Lavrentiev chides him, he retorts with unconcealed hostility: "You're going to give me a political education, Professor?!"

People like Boyaryshnikov and Dryomov existed in Soviet life before the war, too. But then writers rarely portrayed such "discordant citizens" and, if they did, exposed them as "diversionists" and "wreckers." In more recent writing the "discordant citizen" almost invariably figures in the story. As before, the writer takes an aloof attitude toward him, depicting him as a "narrow individualist" in whom "vestiges of the bourgeois past" are still strong. Yet at the same time these "negative heroes" are shown, not as cowards hiding behind the backs of loyal citizens, but as *aggressive* types. It is notable that, even though the author emphasizes his lack of sympathy for such "individualists," the other characters in the story are tolerant and even sympathetic toward them.

In general, the changeover to "peacetime tracks" proved a far more complicated process for the Soviet people than the official ideologists of the regime would have liked. During the war and occupation hundreds of thousands of families had been destroyed. The destruction of the family took place in the literal sense when the mother or wife died back home or the father or husband was killed at the front; but it also occurred when the husband or wife formed new attachments during the years of separation. One such case is remarkably described in Vera Panova's recent story "The Bright Shore" (*Star*, September 1949). Before the war Almazov had been a good carpenter and an excellent family man; on being released from a hospital in a strange city at the end of the war, he met and fell in love with a woman soldier. Almazov had never imagined before that "such a thing" could happen, that a woman could "become closer to you than anyone else on the face of the earth." But his happiness did not last long. The woman received a letter from her husband, whom she had thought to be dead; he had lost an arm in the war and wanted to know whether she would take him back, "armless" as he was, or whether he should go off somewhere else and try to make a life for himself. Almazov and the woman decide to part. But, after returning home, he tries to drown his longing for her in drink; nor does she forget him.

This issue arises even more dramatically in postwar life in the country. Not a single even remotely significant work on *kolkhoz* life fails to portray the conflict between the returning soldier and his wife. In the country, however, the causes of this conflict are often social, rather than romantic. During the war many women had advanced in their work, becoming *kolkhoz* presidents and work-brigade leaders. The husbands returning from the war had to work under their direction, which injured the men's self-esteem. This situation is revealed in such a novel as Galina Nikolaeva's "Harvest" (1950).

It is characteristic of postwar Soviet literature that love interest is never a central feature of major novels or dramas. For a clue to the emotional life of Soviet citizens, one has to go to the obscure little stories which are often not found worthy of critical attention. A typical example is Dmitri Osin's story "In Mid-Summer," *New World* (September 1950). Sofia Strogova, a *kolkhoz* brigade leader, has lost her husband in the war, and she is now putting all her remaining energy into her work and care of her two children. As a reward for her devotion, the *kolkhoz* administration decides to present her with a new hut. One of the carpenters at work on the job, Lipovka, becomes interested in Sofia. Lipovka is a former *frontovik* whose wife and son died during the war; since then, he has lost all taste for a settled life and become an itinerant artisan. Sofia attracts his attention, and she, in turn, feels drawn toward him. However, her children are jealous of Lipovka, and at the end of a sleepless night she makes her decision: It is too late for her to go chasing "after new happiness." (It is interesting to note that these stories, aside from their artistic qualities, are characterized by the absence of the propaganda and anti-Americanism of which there is so much in popular plays and major works of fiction.)



The close-knit Soviet family so exalted by official propagandists is really a thing of the distant future, but the need for such a family is unquestionably felt in broad sections of the population. It may be as a concession to these feelings that writers avoid basing their plots on romantic conflict, and, when they occasionally do, always try to return the "lost sheep" to the bosom of the family. Sergei Mikhalkov's play "The Lost Home," published in the April 1951 issue of *October*, is typical in this respect. Novels and plays in which the wife is unfaithful to the husband or vice-versa always come in for censure by the critics. I will cite one example. In 1949 the popular Siberian woman author Antonina Koptyaeva published a novel, "Ivan Ivanovich," in which Olga, the wife of Dr. Arzhanov, becomes infatuated with an engineer and leaves her husband. Koptyaeva shows that it is not only the wife who is to blame for what happened, but also the doctor, who had taken little interest in his wife's inner life. Yet the critics remained dissatisfied with the novel, and with the very fact that the author had made her characters' personal experiences central to the story. In a short article published in the *Literary Gazette* (December 31, 1950) to mark the eve of the New Year, in which she shared her plans for the future with her readers, Koptyaeva promised to "revise" her novel for a new edition.

In connection with the current propagandization of the virtuous family by official ideologists, postwar Soviet literature is characterized by a sort of sentimental hypocrisy in the portrayal of the "happy families" of Party members, industrial directors, etc.

SOVIET critics are fond of quoting the late Andrei Zhdanov's dictum that the people of the USSR have changed a great deal: "Today, we are not the people we were yesterday, and tomorrow, we will not be the people we are today." At first glance, postwar Soviet literature does not bear out this assertion. Indeed, the contrary would seem to be true. The "positive heroes" and the "villains" strike one by the lack of change in their character traits. And yet, to some extent, Zhdanov was right, even though the changes occurring in the people are not moving in the direction that he had in mind.

A new quality in postwar literature is the intelligentsia's attraction toward comfort, toward material blessings. This was true neither of the pre-Revolutionary intelligentsia nor of Soviet youth in the period of *Sturm und Drang*. Today, it is distinctly evident. In Yuri Trifonov's story "The Students" (*New World*, November-De-

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cember 1950), Vadim Belov, having returned to his native Moscow after the war and entered the Pedagogical Institute, not only notes with delight all the technical improvements in the capital, but is naively enraptured over the comfortable apartment of his girl-friend, the daughter of a big factory director. Vadim strolls through the spacious rooms, filled with the odor of the freshly waxed floors, examines all the intricate appliances, and enjoys himself trying out the mechanical garbage chute in the kitchen. In Alexander Kron's play "Party Candidate" (*New World*, October 1950) the young metal lathe-operator, Nikolai Leontiev, who has been awarded a Stalin Prize for an invention, celebrates his triumph in a sumptuous fifteenth-story restaurant, revealing in the spectacle of skyscrapers sprinkled with fiery dots. Yelena Katerli, describing the family of a chief factory technician getting ready for work in the morning in her novel "The Bronze Spinning Wheel" (1950), writes lovingly of the bouncing lid of the electric coffee pot on the table, the egg sizzling on the smart-looking little stove, and the comfortable car awaiting the technician in a little garage outside.

The longing for an "attractive life" is characteristic not only of the top levels of the Soviet Party and official intelligentsia, but also of the entire class of *vydvizhentsy*—the Stakhanovites and other "advanced" workers who enjoy higher pay and special honors. This is particularly evident in the novel "Height," by Yevgeni Vorobyov (a young former *frontovik*) published a few months ago. Outstanding among a group of construction workers is Katya, a restless, mischievous girl who flaunts her slangy language and dubious manners. Having become a "record-holder" in output, she must, in the author's opinion, be re-educated." Katya is in love with the Stakhanovite, Pasechnik. One day she invites him to her room in the workers' dormitory. The corner where her bed stands is kept very neat. However, Pasechnik is struck by the "primitiveness" of the decorations. Hanging above the bed is a crudely painted poster, while pasted on the wall are cheap postcards. On one of the latter "a dapper-looking man with an impudent face" sends Christmas greetings; the other shows "a plump chick" just hatched from the egg, with Easter greetings underneath. Reading the amusement in Pasechnik's eyes, Katya is at once conscious of the "wretchedness" of her decorations, and as soon as he has left she flings them all into the waste-paper basket.

Sometimes, the need for comfort of young Stakhanovites comes in conflict with Party directives, as is shown in the novel *The Metal-workers*, by Alexander Bylinov (*October*, December 1951). The Stakhanovite, Misha Nedelko, dreams of building a home of his own. The *Komsomol* leader wants to talk him out of this project: "How can you, a socially conscious man, make big plans like that for your personal life?" But Misha replies unabashed: "I have Comrade Stalin's permission to go ahead at full speed building a peaceful life. . . . The devil with the Americans and their bomb." It turns out, however, that it is not so much the military plans of "the Americans" that prevent him from building a home as it is his own Communist Party leaders, who see in Misha's "one-story villa" a "petty-bourgeois deviation" which stands "athwart the road to Socialist construction."

Another trait in the attitudes of postwar Soviet society is, perhaps, even more interesting. One feels in them a latent, powerful desire for some sort of orderly life in a legal sense. This is not spoken of openly, but some of the official reactions to it are significant. For over thirty years the reader of Soviet literature had encountered a vast number of heroes drawn from various professions: factory directors, engineers, Chekists, scholars, artists, gold prospectors, collective farmers, doctors. The people in only one profession apparently remained in a "secret" category—judicial workers. In the past year L. Karelin's story "The Young Counselor of Law" (*Banner*, May 1951) has received great critical attention and approval. In themselves the artistic merits of the story are not great enough to warrant such interest. However, the critics have praised the young author for being almost the first to take an interest in the figure of a Soviet prosecutor working in a small provincial town. In this story, for the first time in the entire course of Soviet literature, even a lawyer educated before the Revolution is portrayed sympathetically! To be sure, the author does not carry through his theme. His hero ultimately resorts to the "tested" working methods—encouraging spying and denunciations on a broad scale. But at the beginning of the story there is a breath of something fresh and unexpected.

NO subject has been explored less than the readers' reaction to Soviet literary works. Ostensibly, the critics express the opinions of the reading public. In reality, of course, that is not so. Yet, part of the critics' comment is significant and reflects actual readers' reactions. For example, complaints that the "positive heroes" of most writers are invariably less convincing than the "negative heroes" have become a commonplace in postwar Soviet criticism. It is curious, in this respect, that the official critics do not deny the writers' conscientious efforts to present the "positive heroes" in the most attractive light possible. What irritates the critics most is the fact that the positive heroes are depicted as lonely people with "unsuccessful personal lives." The critics' alarm is understandable when one considers that the "positive hero" in a novel or play is always a responsible Party member—the secretary of a Party committee or the director of a large enterprise or a young "Stakhanovite."

These reflections on the failure of the "positive hero" figure are not new in themselves. They have attended Soviet literature since its very inception. At every new stage of the discussion of this theme, however, new features are introduced. The discussion revolving around the "positive hero" is, in reality, always the outward guise concealing a highly significant debate between the official ideologists and the Soviet public. In the postwar debate one feature is particularly notable. The chronic failure in the portrayal of the "positive hero"—whether it is Colonel Voropaev in Pavlenko's story or Sergei Tutarinov in Babaevsky's novel "The Cavalier of the Golden Star"—has led some critics to the "heretical" thought: "Why are 100 per cent positive heroes really necessary if they don't exist in real life, anyway?"

However, this thought was formulated most clearly—in spite of the timidity with which it was expressed—in Vera Panova's article "Some Thoughts on the Technique of Our Craft" (*Literary Gazette*, August 8, 1950). With all due respect for the editor's "red pencil," the writer openly acknowledged that she did not believe it was possible to create works in which the characters were 100 per cent "positive." Following a "red pencil" like that to its logical conclusion would lead one to "an angel's chorus, consisting of the sweetest tenors." However, "angel's choruses do not exist in life, which is a very good thing." Panova went even further, expressing the belief that even under pure Communism there would be no literary works containing only "the sweetest tenors."

Of course, utterances of this kind are always exposed as "errors" by the official critics. However, the "errors" are made a subject of discussion, and their authors become popular and win adherents among the great silent masses of the Soviet reading public.

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Olivier & His Green Umbrellas

HENRY HEWES

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER, the man who six years ago sprang onto the stage as Oedipus in a way no one who ever saw it will forget, now confesses that his acting chore in the two "Cleopatra" plays plus his directing task in "Venus Observed" sometimes has him feeling like a horse dragging a heavy cart uphill.

"Acting is a lot of damned hard work," he said with a slight shudder as we talked to him over lunch the other day. "It's not just the physical exhaustion, but little things like having to play a whole scene with your nose itching, or doing a long violent speech when you have indigestion, or wanting to raise your eyes suddenly only to find yourself blinking into a thousand-watt bulb."

Such desperate sentiments don't weaken the British actor-manager's enthusiasm for the stage, however. He persists in his use of false itchy noses, accepts a schedule of commitments that force him to eat in a hurry, and refuses to stop improvising within his two parts. He is even conducting post-opening rehearsals of "Venus Observed" to polish certain scenes, because "after all everything is the performance." It was clear that he regards the unpleasant conditions of his trade part of his responsibility. Just as he gave his full effort to answering our questions, he would continue to exhaust himself onstage to a point a few yards this side of the stretcher.

As a defense against his ordeal by greasepaint, Olivier sometimes uses what he calls "a green umbrella." (The term originates in the well-known theatrical anecdote of the actor who was most awkward in his part until one day when he came on clutching a green umbrella and suddenly was perfect.) "For instance, as Sophocles's 'Oedipus Rex' the green umbrella I held onto was the picture of myself always as a possible sacrifice, a fish in a net trying many ways to escape but knowing all the time I was being crushed against the dark shield of circumstance." The forty-four-year-old actor winced in retrospect and muttered softly, "Lord, what agony to play. Forever having to thrust your wretched spirit out in front of you."

Sir Laurence (the man's shyness and lack of affectation make it inapt to refer to him by his title) warned that his words did not mean that you could play Greek tragedy by becoming natural in your own way, or that you should put on platformed shoes and masks and try to duplicate what the Greek actors did. Rather you should try to recapture the original stage atmosphere and make the ancient Greek religious conventions real to modern audiences. The trick he used here as in plays of other periods was to play it a bit falsely at first until the convention had become established and then gradually to move towards a more natural delivery.

Unfortunately for theatregoers, the Olivier "Oedipus" will never be seen again. "I've run into disaster twice trying to repeat roles that everyone liked the first time. First the 'Romeo and Juliet' in which I alternated with John Gielgud as Romeo and Mercutio in 1935. When I did it over here in 1940 with my wife as Juliet no one liked it. I think maybe I was too old for the part, at least with the original green umbrella I had, which was Romeo as a little boy with chestnuts in his pocket. I'm not bitter about it, all we lost was our own money. But I know that at least the scenery and costumes were good and the critics didn't even like those."

The second catastrophe was Richard III, which Rex Harrison thinks was Olivier's best role. "In this case my green umbrella was how I looked. Black, black eyebrows, almond-shaped eyes, a long nose, and a wart or two on my face. I discarded the traditional 'rooting hog' characterization and tried to give Richard the kind of devilishness that could attract a woman." It was well received the first time, but less enthusiastically received when he repeated it several years later. He explains: "The expectation is always built too high by the reputation of the first performance, which through force of legend comes to seem better than it really was. That means you have to improve on the first to live up to it and not disappoint people."

Turning to another Shakespearean role, that of Hotspur in Henry IV, Part I, Olivier pointed out that this, like Henry V, was the sort of juvenile part you can play only when you are older. "When you are young you are too bashful to play a hero; you debunk it. It isn't until you're older that you can understand the pictorial beauty of heroism." As Hotspur he was much applauded for the notion of having the character stammer on the letter "W." "Since Hotspur was described as thick of speech, we first tried giving him a Northumberland accent. It didn't sound right, so John Burrell, the Old Vic director, suggested that I stammer on one letter, say the letter 'S.' But then when I looked at my final line which read

> And food for [w—] (dies)
> Prince Hal: Food for worms, Harry.

I said "Thanks, I think I'll take 'W.'" The sly glee with which the actor recalled the story remade him for a moment the Laurence Olivier of earlier, more carefree days.

It was apparent that the vastness of the physical problems connected with the actor-manager's current "Cleopatra" productions had prevented him from practising as much of this kind of subtlety as he would have liked. "I don't want to say anything against Billy Rose's lovely theatre," said the actor quietly and with a bit of hesitation, "but let's face it, the Ziegfeld is a large house. Consequently we work very hard at the beginning of the play to make it unnaturally clear. People must get used to the verse and at the same time know what it's all about."

WHILE Sir Laurence is generally considered the finest reader of Shakespearean verse extant, he himself feels that he has a long way to go in this specialty. "All I know is this. You mustn't throw away the poetry by trying to read it like conversational prose, but it is nearly as bad to 'sing' it as some people do. We do sing it in the especially lyrical passages, but if the audience notices that we're singing it, then it's wrong." Olivier, who always does research into past renditions of the lines despite the feeling that such digging has a poor yield, thinks that the atmosphere of a line should spring at the actor. "Of course, Shakespeare's meanings are sometimes hard to get. I guess I've been doing the nunnery scene from Hamlet since I was a ten-year-old choir boy, but it wasn't until after our last shoot-

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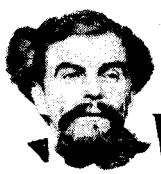

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ing of the scene in the film that I realized the meaning of the lines

> Ophelia: My lord I have remembrances of yours, that I have longed long to redeliver; I pray you now receive them.
> Hamlet: No, not I; I never gave you aught.

Hamlet meant that he obviously hadn't given her anything, because she hadn't remembered him. It's simple, but it just hadn't occurred to me. That's why I keep trying new inflections every performance in 'Antony and Cleopatra.' "

As far as green umbrellas are concerned, Olivier feels that Antony is a physically strong man wasting his night in revel up until his military failure at the battle of Actium. "At this point I think Antony becomes subconsciously bent on self-destruction, the lion tearing himself to pieces. The tougher part is Cleopatra. Take the scene where she allows the envoy from Octavious Caesar to kiss her hand, does she do this because she has decided to save her skin with Octavius? Or does she see Enobarbus sneaking out to call Antony and hope by this to rouse him back to his old fighting spirit? Or is she just playing for time? I think it's a combination of all three, which means that Vivien's green umbrella is an enigma."

The other half of the bill, Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," seems to both of the Olivier's the lesser of the two plays. "I sometimes think what an awful kind of joke on GBS it is, doing these plays together. In his play Shaw is debunking Shakespeare and falsifying history to do it. I wonder if the old man would have allowed us to do it if he'd been alive."

"The secret of doing Shaw is to bite into every line as if it were a crisp apple," went on Sir Laurence, who prefers comic roles to tragic ones. "And the trouble with Shaw is that he loses interest in his own characters. After the first act he practically forgets about Cleopatra and gives her hardly any good lines. Another thing: Shaw's prejudice against love on the stage prevents him from developing the promised historically accurate romance between Caesar and Cleopatra. That's the reason I felt I had to play him as an old man. You know sometimes I think Charles Laughton has the right idea when he plays Shaw with everyone sitting around in chairs."

CONCERNING "Venus Observed," which he played in London and directed here, Olivier passes on an explanation of the play's intended meaning direct from its author, Christopher

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Fry. "Love is not a getting but a living" is the cryptic message. While Sir Laurence is not sure of all Fry's meanings himself, he nevertheless maintains, "We must allow Kit his 'April shower of words.' He's reversing Shakespeare's process by writing his fanciful plays first. He'll put more of himself into his later plays."

Fry is writing a new play for Olivier. It is based on the life of Henry II, the king whose knights murdered Thomas à Becket, which action is the topic of T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral." "Our play is concerned with the King himself, and Becket may not even be included as a character. He was a wonderful king." No one knows when the play will be finished. Meantime the Cleopatra plays wind up next month after more than a year's run in London and here. Since Sir Laurence has eschewed all television offers, Americans will see no more of him until Paramount releases the film version of Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" this summer.

"The green umbrella on the character of George Hurstwood in 'Sister Carrie' was a man who believed that love was a gift if you had it, and who was content to be destroyed by it," reflects Sir Laurence. "The film started out to be a magnificent character study of a man, but it was finally changed to a love story. I worked very hard to get rid of any English accent by going over every line with Spencer Tracy. I think Englishmen will think I sound American, but I doubt if Americans will be completely convinced. The picture is frightfully good, but terribly tragic. I hope that there is a large enough audience for a really tragic motion picture."

The Oliviers do not know what their next roles will be. Sir Laurence says: "I love to do Chekhov. He's the most fun for actors, but the hardest one for audiences to enjoy. His people are terribly real, and you have to make them very much your own. I remember when I played Astrov in 'Uncle Vanya' I was unable to get hold of the part until I actually saw myself in my make-up with the pince-nez and all. Then it came to me. His plays are diamond-true period pieces."

Sir Laurence is firmly resolved to do no more Anouilh for a while. "I think he's very good, but he has to stop repeating this same old business about people wanting to die if he's going to interest audiences."

Whatever comes up, it's pretty sure that the Oliviers will take some kind of rest first. As the fatigued star puts it: "You can continue giving out for just so long. Then an actor has to have something coming in if he's going to keep on developing."

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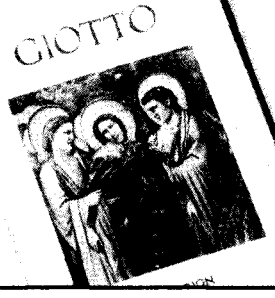

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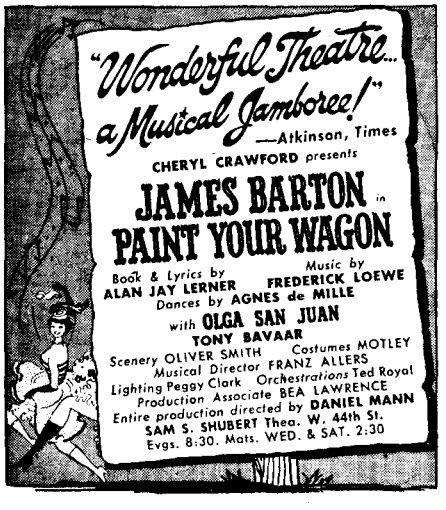
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SR Goes to the Movies

THE GOLDEN TOUCH OF MR. MANKIEWICZ

James Mason and Oscar Karlweis—"only the suggestion of possible violence."

THE L. C. Moyzisch book, "Operation Cicero," which told the story of one of the most remarkable spies in history, appeared late in 1950, and Twentieth Century-Fox has not taken an excessive length of time in getting it to the screen. The movie, although based in great part on the Moyzisch account, has been given the title "5 Fingers" to avoid any association with the recent race riots in Illinois. Its opening scene takes place in the British House of Commons, where some acrimonious questions are being asked. Was it true that the valet of the British ambassador to Turkey gained access to many vital war secrets and sold them to the Germans? An answer is given in the scene that is very similar to the one Ernest Bevin gave in actuality: the valet in question *had* photographed and sold a lot of "highly secret documents." I noticed that no one walked out of the theatre at this point, and it would have taken some sort of major upheaval to budge me from my seat. I stayed firmly rooted for the rest of the film and came away with the conviction that "5 Fingers" (taking Hitchcock and Carol Reed into full consideration) is the most unusual spy story I've seen on the screen and one of the very best.

One of the first things in its favor is the expert script that Michael Wilson, known already for his co-authoring of the screenplay of "A Place in the Sun," has whipped up from the mine of movie plot material provided by Moyzisch, an attaché to the German embassy in Ankara. Even more in its favor is the fine and careful direction by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. This man, who writes as well as he directs (or perhaps it's the other way around), is already one of the celebrated creative personalities in Hollywood. With his literate, satirical scripts for "A Letter to Three Wives" and "All About Eve" he managed to raise the level of the sound track close to that achieved by the camera. Now, switching his field he has also raised the level of the spy melodrama.

For the exterior backgrounds of "5 Fingers" he journeyed to Turkey to film what has resulted in some of the picture's most fascinating scenes. These take place in Ankara and Istanbul, where Cicero conducted his seemingly fantastic operations. I am surprised that more use of these colorful backgrounds has not been made previously—that is, the real thing, rather than gloomy re-creations on sound stages. Turkey during the war was an area seething with high-level intrigue. The major warring powers all maintained embassy staffs there, and while the war exploded all around, Ankara and Istanbul led, on the surface, peaceful existences. Behind the scenes was a different atmosphere, and it is this atmosphere that Mr. Mankiewicz has so cleverly caught. Not a single shot is fired in the picture, there is only the suggestion of possible violence. The tension, perhaps for that very reason, becomes greater. This then, it can already be seen, is a highly unusual spy story.

With a good many of the events true to fact, at least in substance, some documentary material can be used in place of the hokum that inevitably enters the Hitchcock or Carol Reed kind of spy story. The chase scenes need no final pursuit over the minarets of a mosque; there is no man with a missing third finger to be fearful of; there are no plans of secret fortifications to be transported to someone who will reveal himself at the proper moment. How refreshing—in story terms—to have Cicero offer to Moyzisch an account of the proceedings of the Teheran Conference, some minutes of secret high level talks between the British and the Turks, the timetable for bombing oil targets in Rumania. The kind of spy story we have become accustomed to will seem like small-time stuff after this.

This is by no means all that is unusual about "5 Fingers." The people have a way of seeming real and understandable, and the acting is top level all the way.

Major and minor roles are handled with distinction. In more or less subsidiary parts we have Walter Hampden playing the puzzled British ambassador who thoroughly trusts his valet, Ulysses Diello, and John Wengraf giving a nicely turned portrait of Von Papen, the German ambassador. Herbert Berghof is fine as a Gestapo colonel attempting to determine how bona fide are the secrets supplied by Diello (who is given the code name "Cicero" by the Germans). That the question is not academic can be appreciated from the fact that he sells them for twenty thousand pounds per film roll.

As Cicero, James Mason is at his best since leaving the English film studios. This spy is shrewd and thoroughly understandable (if not entirely sympathetic) in his fantastic dishonesty and lack of scruple. He can take vital secrets and sell them without conscience because money and the luxury it represents are far more important to him than considerations of patriotism and principle. One is aware that there are a lot of people, not always so bold, like him in the world. As a young cabin boy on a ship in the Rio de Janeiro harbor he had once caught a glimpse of a man in a white jacket on his terrace overlooking the harbor. Diello decided he wanted to be that man, and it is interesting to contemplate that he has the audience surprisingly on his side. You're never quite sure whether you want him caught or not.

Danielle Darrieux is equally con-

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vincing in a role that would have been easy to muff. As a countess who has fled from devastated Poland to neutral Ankara she is faddedly lovely, finding it harsh and a little incredible that she should at last be without money. Now she dines only when invited to diplomatic receptions and dinners. She converses best over a second helping of Turkish salad and a tall glass of the best German beer. It is wonderful to see her slow awakening to the possibilities of Diello as a man and companion once she realizes that he has large sums of money and the wherewithal (British secrets) for getting more. These are not stock types reciting stock phrases; they are interesting characterizations.

But I think the very best of the scene stealers is Oscar Karlweis as Moyzisch. He is the one who must deal with Diello and try ineptly to match the spy's shrewdness. He makes plain his envy of the money he gets, tremblingly develops the films handed to him, has visions of an advancement in his diplomatic career. He, too, would like to have the countess, and it is a little sad, somehow, to see him realize that he simply can't afford her.

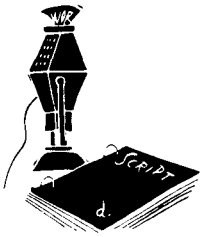
Thus the movie, through solid and very basic motivations, reaches a level seldom achieved by this kind of entertainment vehicle. The words the people speak are literate, revealing, often witty. There is some elegant comedy. It is no surprise to find these qualities in a film directed by Mankiewicz. Nor is it surprising to find him bringing out the best in his actors, getting them to deliver their lines with the finesse one finds in a well directed play. It is not surprising, but it is certainly welcome.

Throughout the two-hour course of "5 Fingers," a time that passes all too swiftly, there are dozens of unlooked for surprises and ironies, one following swiftly upon the other. One knows who the spy is, exactly what he wants, just who is after him, and just how close they are to catching him, and still Mr. Mankiewicz turns the tables on you. There is never a lag in suspense, only a continual increase. Because of the effects Mr. Mankiewicz gets through this constant use of irony it would be unfair to reveal what finally happens. Enough to say that the audience is satisfied, and so are the production-code provisions that are supposed to regulate the amount of realism we may safely absorb. There are more than enough subtleties throughout to satisfy the most critical of filmgoers; there is enough sheer excitement to satisfy the least critical. Mr. Mankiewicz has demonstrated once again his golden touch.

—Hollis Alpert.

TV and Radio

THE INVISIBLE MEN OF TV



THERE used to be a lusty bit of persiflage which went something like this: "I've never told my mother I'm a radio writer. She thinks I play the piano in a burlesque theatre."

I've changed the original locale of the upright, and the joke loses something in the transition, but I would never have recalled the joke, or the original locale, if I hadn't read an interview with Lucille Ball in a magazine a couple of weeks ago. Lucille Ball, as if I had to tell you, is the star of a popular television show narcissistically titled "I Love Lucy."

I was sharing that love with her until I picked up a copy of *Newsweek* the other day and found her quoted on the subject of the writers who each week prepare the script of "I Love Lucy." They are the same writers, she admitted without mentioning their names, who wrote her radio show before she went into television. Then she adds with as healthy a show of articulate contempt as I've ever run across: "We never see them. We never discuss anything with them. . .After two readings we get on our feet and throw the scripts away."

Well, before I introduce Miss Ball to her three writers, Jess Oppenheimer, Madeline Pugh, and Robert Carroll, and before we examine the inveterate antipathy for writers displayed by many entertainers, as though being gifted with the personality and ability to read the lines were so small a talent that they must claim credit for the creation of those lines, let us throw away the script and ad lib briefly through the backgrounds of the star of this show and her partner, fondly referred to in *Newsweek* as the forty-year-old Lucille Ball and her graying Cuban bandleader husband, Desi Arnaz.

Lucille, I find, appeared on the stage most recently in "Dream Girl." (Miss Ball, may I present the writer, Elmer Rice?) She went to Hollywood and appeared in many pictures, which gave her many opportunities not to see and not to discuss anything with many other writers. Desi came to Broadway with a Cuban band some years ago, ad libbed a few Babalus, and after a Broadway musical he also went to Hollywood. Not being occupied with seeing or discussing anything with writers, Lucille found time to meet Desi, and they were not only united in the holy bonds of matrimony but they sealed it legally by setting up a corporation to handle Desi's rhumba band dates and their appearances in vaudeville and night clubs.

The corporation is known as Desilu. Since they do not see their writers or discuss anything with them, the credit for the name Desilu—an inspired contraction of Desi and Lucille—must go entirely to Lucille and Desi. What's right is right. Having gotten off to such a good start is it any wonder they decided not to see or discuss anything with their writers?

Not being acquainted with the writers of "I Love Lucy" I don't know how they feel about this arrangement of Lucille's never seeing them or discussing anything with them. I can see where such an arrangement might be ideal—no complaints about the story line—no gripes about the dialogue—no having to explain the jokes. The only thing I feel let down about is the furtive dismissal of the writers in print, as if some of the credit for the success of the show may rub off on them. An attitude not uncommon in the business, the exceptions being the more secure and talented performers.

And it is a successful show, one of the few better half hours in television. This piece is not intended to detract from the attractive and ebullient Miss Ball, any more than I am suggesting that she change the name of the show to "I Love Jess Oppenheimer." I simply hold that writing the lines for a performer to read is as much a craft as the performer's translation of those lines on television. In the theatre the writer is accorded the same dignity as the actor. In radio and television the caricatural conception that a writer is a necessary evil to have around a show has grown too popular.

This is not to say that a performer may not lend stature to a writer's dialogue. On the other hand, seeing the writer and discussing the show with him may lend stature to the performer. A good play, a good radio show, or a good television program is a marriage of the talents of performer and writer. But if the bride never sees the groom and the marriage is never consummated—well, you know what that makes the brainchild.

—Goodman Ace.

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A PORTFOLIO unique in advertising history opens on the opposite page. It is a collector's item for readers seeking a fresh insight into what makes America's free economy tick.

THE FOLLOWING are a dramatic demonstration of the "idea" power that advertising can generate in the hands of American business leaders when they turn their minds to it.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW presents these advertisements as distinguished achievements in the field of institutional or public interest advertising. They were selected for their editorial interest, idea content and high readability.

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Business groups, classes in economics or advertising, clubs or other organizations which would like to use this portfolio as an adjunct of their work can secure additional copies without charge by writing:

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Please specify the quanity desired

FICTION

(*Continued from page 17*)

out of England in recent years. His artistry unfortunately couldn't rescue this tale from its melodramatic incredibility.

THE DESPARATE SEARCH. By Arthur Mayse. Morrow. $3. When the great airliner crashed into the wilderness there were among others aboard the two children of bush pilot Vince Ardago and film star Nora Stead. Had they survived? Could they be rescued? For days the search continued with Ardago at its head. Before it was finished he'd learned a number of pretty obvious things about what a selfish, nasty piece of work his former wife was. He'd also fallen in love with Julia Thorne, steadfast girl reporter, assigned to cover the search for the missing children. The reader meanwhile gets frequent flashes into the well-described Canadian wilderness, where to nobody's surprise the children have survived and eight-year-old Don is being incredibly resourceful.

Mr. Mayse has kept his story-line efficiently simple. But his characterizations are a little too pat, his plot turns a little too well-machined and predictable quite to sustain at novel length the suspense he strives for.

THE GIRL IN HIS PAST. By Georges Simenon. Prentice-Hall. $3. Simenon, past master of the understated suspense story, the quiet terror tale, has dived deeper than usual into the dark waters of psychopathic sexuality for his latest psychological chiller. The black deed that troubles the mind of Albert Bauche is the brutal murder of Sergé Nicholas, Bauche's partner and the lover of his wife. It is not the fact of the murder so much. When he committed it and even when he gave himself up, Bauche was convinced of the rightness and inevitability of the deed. It is when he tries to explain to himself, the court officials, and the assigned psychiatrist the reasons that are deeply hidden in his own past that Bauche's real troubles begin—layer by layer by layer—to be revealed.

As usual M. Simenon combines a grimly suspenseful story with brilliantly evoked settings and a sound psychological understanding. As for the writing—if extravagant statements about the pre-eminence of particular French prose stylists are still in order, I would nominate M. Simenon. His prose in this—which is among the best of his works—is, as always, cleanly functional, impeccably beautiful.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

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THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL INC.
NEW YORK • WASHINGTON • CHICAGO • HOLLYWOOD • SAN FRANCISCO
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MEMO TO AMERICA:

The power with which advertising can serve the public interest is demonstrated, in part, in the following pages. These advertisements have been cited by The Saturday Review itself for outstanding achievements in both serving and informing the public.

These pages contain advertisements by American business which have helped solve many of our major national problems, have contributed to greater public understanding of the U. S. economic system, and have helped define business' own role in the great industrial and mercantile mechanism of America.

The tremendous growth in the volume of public service advertising during the past ten years illustrates the fact that in America, as no where else in the world, business enterprises believe that they too are charged with a duty "to promote the general welfare." Public service advertising has helped to reduce the death toll on our highways, to save our forests from man-made fires, to make friends for us in Europe and Asia, to better our schools, to fight inflation, and to teach the principles of our free economic system, all part of a program designed to make America a better place in which to live.

The Advertising Council acts as a spearhead of American business -- advertisers, advertising agencies and advertising media -- in activating much of this public service advertising. The advertisements in the following pages of The Saturday Review illustrate some of the ways in which leading companies have cooperated with the Council's program.

We commend these advertisements to your attention. We also again want to thank all companies -- many of whom unfortunately could not be represented in the following pages -- who have so generously supported the public service campaigns sponsored by The Advertising Council in cooperation with Government agencies and private organizations.

These pages, it can be said, mirror at least part of the miracle of America.

Sincerely,

Theodore S. Repplier

Theodore S. Repplier
President

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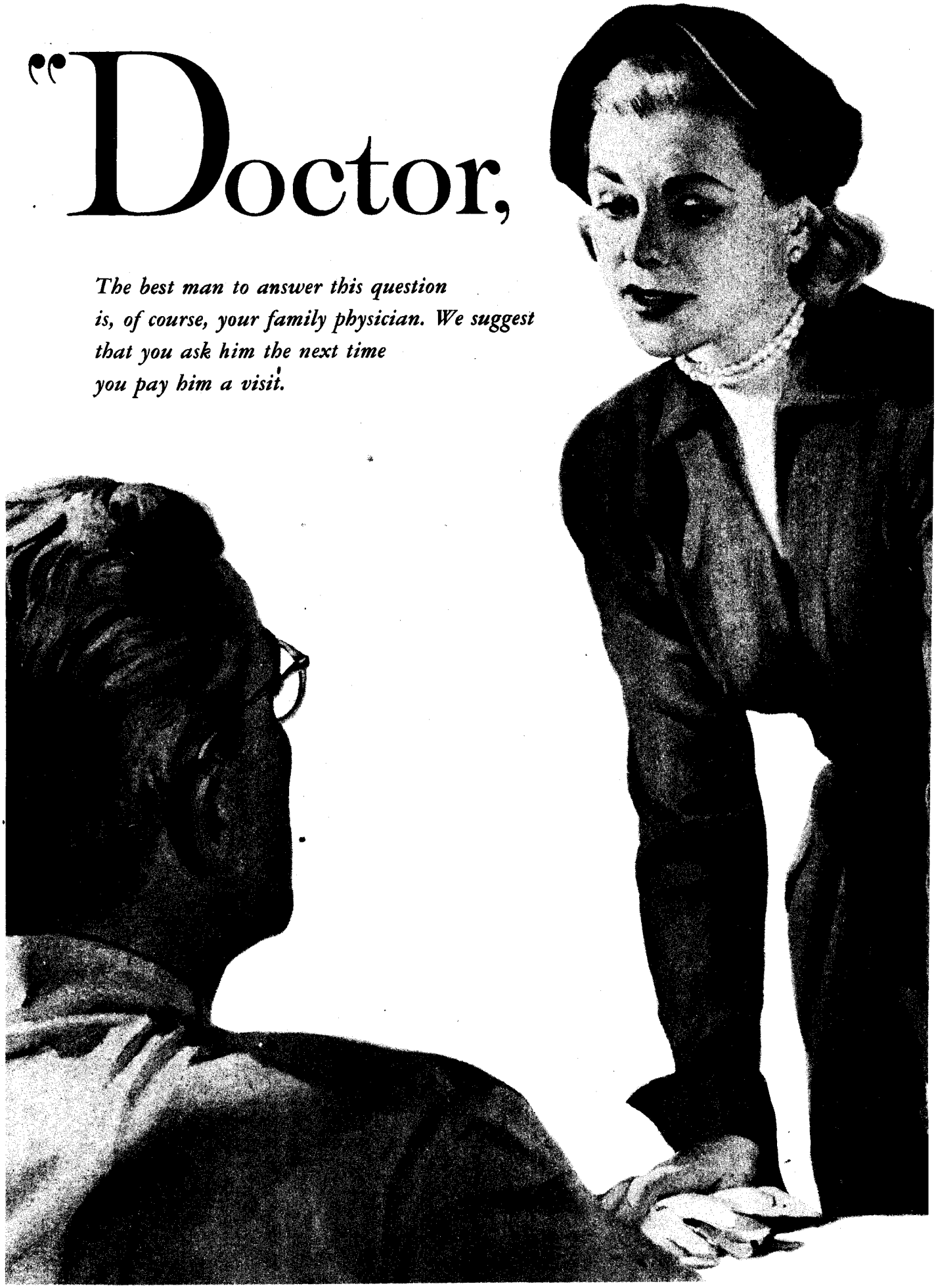
"Doctor,

The best man to answer this question is, of course, your family physician. We suggest that you ask him the next time you pay him a visit.



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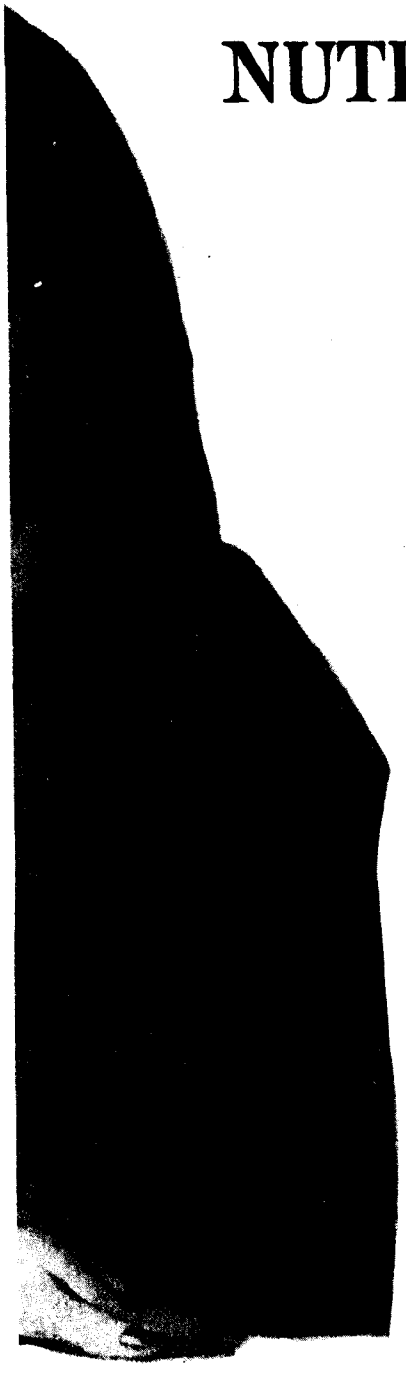
I'd like to know...

what is a NUTRITIONAL TIME BOMB?"



"Nutritional Time Bomb" is science's dramatic name for an equally dramatic discovery about diet...the discovery that injuries caused by mistakes in diet may not reveal themselves until years later.

Like actual time bombs, these injuries remain hidden and unrecognized, exploding into symptoms when it is too late to do anything about them. Thus, the dietary wrongs of childhood may be visited upon the adult.

Such scourges of later life as tooth decay, goiter, high blood pressure, heart disease, anemia and hardening of the arteries are not necessarily caused by present diet faults. They may be the delayed effects of earlier injury, where a dietary deficiency has existed too long.

A sound child body—the foundation of a sound adult body—must be built from the food that goes into it. The true effect of a mother's care during childhood has only begun to be understood. And, since eating habits are formed in childhood, the conscientious parent can do much to insure the child against later penalties of wrong eating.

The protective foods should be used generously in the daily diet. Important among these are bananas—long prescribed by doctors as one of the first solid foods for infants. Bananas have a well-rounded supply of vitamins and minerals, and are distinctly beneficent in their action upon the digestive tract. Because of the many appetizing ways in which bananas can be served, as well as because of their nutritional value, they are now being more widely used than ever.

FOR HEALTH, EAT AND ENJOY A PLENTIFUL VARIETY OF THE "RIGHT" FOODS

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

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His mother wondered why Johnny never realizing that

The doctor's checkup prompt treatment made Johnny

IT IS so difficult to know when a small child is really sick.

In Johnny's case his mother noticed that he was unusually quiet. She thought he was still getting over his recent sore throat. But then she became aware of his lack of interest in his toys—even his favorites. He tired easily, was often cranky and sometimes complained of a stomach-ache and pains in his knees.

Symptoms like these occur in many different childhood diseases. Finally Johnny's mother became worried and she took him to the family doctor for a check-up. After a thorough examination the doctor told her that Johnny had rheumatic fever . . . the disease that cripples more children than polio and all other diseases combined.

Though it may attack at any age, rheumatic fever most often strikes between the fourth and fifteenth year. It may come quietly, with a variety of minor complaints, but often it leaves its victims with a heart impairment difficult to overcome.

Don't take chances

Never waste precious time when your child seems to be ill. Don't try to guess what ails the child and don't take the advice of a well-meaning neighbor. When you notice persistent signs, take your child to the doctor—it will cost you less in the long run.

Recent discoveries and developments in hormone drug therapy have given today's physician a completely new outlook

Physiologic Therapeutics Through Bioresearch For Longer Useful Living

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he was seriously ill

found the cause and a healthy, happy boy again

on the treatment of rheumatic fever. For example, doctors have found that the use of these new hormones in treating children often results in amazing over-all relief—may even prevent crippling damage to the heart, if used in time. Today, many children who have rheumatic fever can hope for normal lives free of pain.

Do the sensible thing

If something seems to be wrong, make an appointment today to take your child to the doctor. Let him look the child over, make simple tests, if necessary—tell you what to do to keep your child healthy. He can put your mind at ease, guard your family's health—IF you let him.

Let the doctor decide

Today, all of medicine's amazing recent discoveries in diagnostic procedures, treatment and new drugs are at your doctor's command.

The Armour Laboratories is proud of its share in the development of many of these drugs. ACTHAR (A.C.T.H.-Armour), one of the most effective of these new hormone drugs, represents the results of many years of research by Armour scientists collaborating with leading investigators in the field of medicine. ACTHAR is available to you through your doctor. He may, or may not, find you need it. But you'll feel better, stay better, if you let him decide. See your doctor regularly.

The Armour Laboratories

Sole producer of ACTHAR (A. C. T. H.—Armour). Since 1885, pioneer manufacturer of sutures and pharmaceuticals prescribed by the medical profession—notably THYROID, INSULIN, LIVER PREPARATIONS, and PITUITARY HORMONE PRODUCTS.

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THE AMERICAN ROAD

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Once it was 2,151 miles long—now it runs for 3,322,000 miles

In the good old days, when Henry Ford was still tinkering with his first cars, motoring was a risky and a random thing. But your first drive was unforgettable.

You put on your cap, goggles, gauntlets, leather driving coat and leggings; your nervous sweetheart donned her snug ankle-length duster, and wound around her head a fringed silk auto scarf, 90 inches long. The wicker picnic hamper was packed with cold chicken, sharp cheese and hard-boiled eggs.

You set the throttle and the spark levers. You had to watch out or you would get a jolt that would knock your elbow loose. You cranked furiously and leaped over the door into the driver's seat. The car was jumping as if it would fly apart. Then you pushed the gas lever up and up, and stepped on the "low" pedal. With a groan and a clank, you were off into adventure, flying along at 25 miles an hour.

Where did you go on your first trip? Everybody went to the End of the Road. In those days there *was* an *End of the Road*. Outside the stone streets of the cities, the road soon died in choking dust or in deep ruts of thick chocolate mud. Great stretches of the nation were unreachable—and undeveloped.

The automobile changed all that. Today the American Road has no end; the road that went nowhere now goes everywhere. One of every seven Americans has a job in the field of highway transportation; a million Americans make cars and parts; a million and a half service and sell cars. Three of every four families own an automobile; Ford alone has built more than 35,000,000 cars.

The funny-looking little contraption on the delicate bicycle wheels became the source of the greatest industry in the world; it has changed all the world's ways of living and thinking.

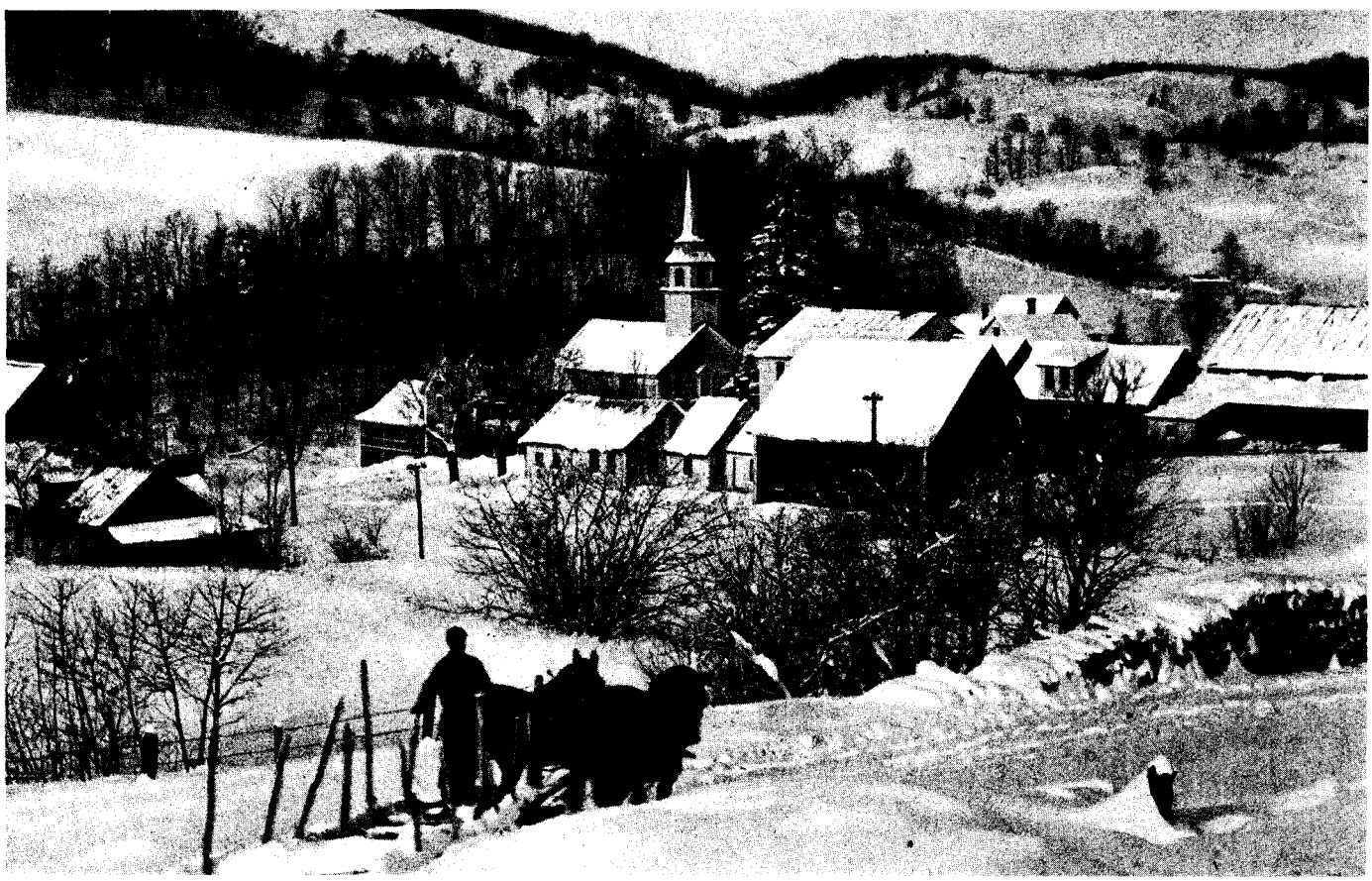
Persons, things and places in the nation depend on auto wheels. The wheels roll on endlessly, always moving, always forward—and always lengthening the American Road. On that road, the nation is steadily traveling beyond the troubles of this century, constantly heading toward finer tomorrows. The American Road is paved with hope. The years ahead shine with the achievements that are now only dreams—for tomorrow's works will dwarf our own.

At Ford Motor Company, we have faith in the American Road. We believe that America can keep traveling on it toward an even better life for all. We intend to keep contributing to the bright promise of that future.

Ford Motor Company

FORD • LINCOLN • MERCURY CARS
FORD TRUCKS AND TRACTORS

◀ MERRITT PARKWAY, NEAR NEW CANAAN, CONN. LAST YEAR AMERICANS TRAVELED MORE THAN 465 BILLION MILES IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY.



NEAR EAST CORINTH, VT.: ONCE MANY TOWNS COULD BE REACHED ONLY BY RAILROAD; NOW 50,000 TOWNS HAVE NO RAIL OUTLET.

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SCIENCE REPORT

Three keys to better health

Medical science brings him a brighter future

As the family physician keeps pace with today's dramatic progress in medical science, the odds in favor of his patients reaching threescore and ten become increasingly brighter.

Especially strong reasons for this hope are recent advances of medical science on three broad fronts—against infections, against nutritional deficiencies, and in the use of hormones against disease. In each of these vital fields Merck & Co., Inc. has played a leading role, both in pioneering research and in perfecting production techniques.

ANTIBIOTICS

Today's abundant supply of Penicillin and Streptomycin—at a cost low enough to permit wide use by physicians in fighting infections—is in no small measure the result of Merck specialized laboratories and production facilities.

VITAMINS

From Vitamin B_1 on through Crystalline Vitamin B_{12}, the ruby-colored vitamin that controls pernicious anemia, Merck research and production skill have helped bring the entire range of vitamins to the pharmacy and the food industry.

HORMONES

Cortisone, hailed as the key to a new era in medical science, marks another milestone in Merck achievements. This hormone brings new hope for the treatment of many diseases for which there has been little or no help in the past. More recently, Merck scientists have succeeded in producing in the laboratory Compound F, a hormone which shows promise of duplicating the dramatic effects of Cortisone.

Research and Production for the Nation's Health

MERCK & CO., INC.
Manufacturing Chemists
RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY
In Canada: Merck & Co. Limited—Montreal

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Into your home, through the miracle of television, comes a new world of entertainment, news, education, and sports.

They can still go out while staying home

Now "homebodies" who seldom leave their neighborhoods can view programs from distant cities—with all the comforts of home. Drama, comedy and variety shows are brought into the living room. Sports, news events as they happen can be viewed by all. Now television is open coast to coast . . . Those in the East may look in on the West, and the West may look in on the East.

Television is enjoyed in more than 15 million homes, as a result of research at the David Sarnoff Research Center of RCA at Princeton, N. J. Today's image orthicon TV camera was perfected there. Dr. V. K. Zworykin of RCA developed the *kinescope*—which is the screen of television receivers. And RCA scientists have also perfected electron tubes, circuits, sound systems, phosphors, and antennas to make television part of everyday life.

The development of all-electronic television is only one example of RCA research. This leadership assures you high quality performance from any product or service of RCA and RCA Victor.

* * *

See the latest wonders of radio, television, and electronics at RCA Exhibition Hall, 36 West 49th St., New York. Admission is free. Radio Corporation of America, Radio City, New York 20, New York.

RCA

RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

World Leader in Radio — First in Television

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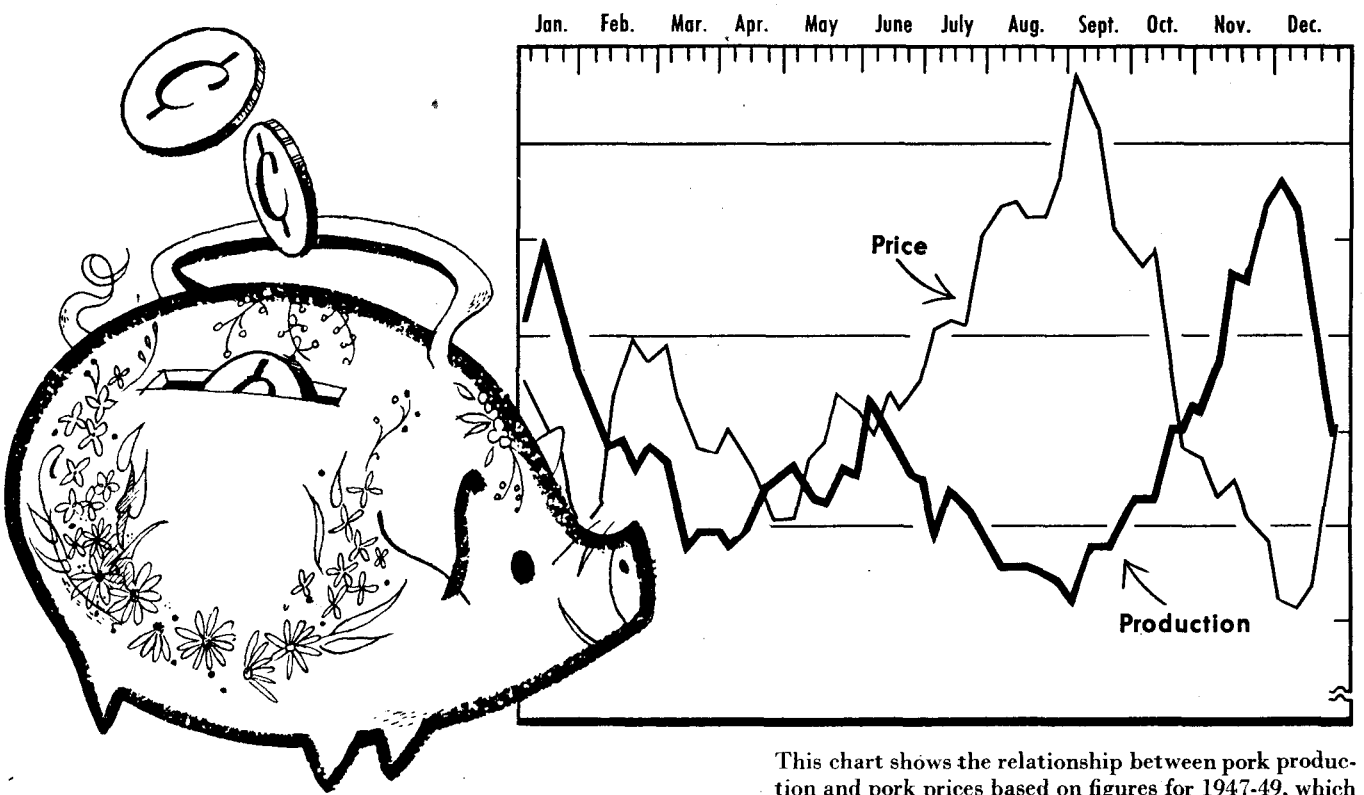
WHAT LAW

Makes Pork Cost Less in December Than It Does in September?



This chart shows the relationship between pork production and pork prices based on figures for 1947-49, which the government is now using as the index-base period.

The good old law of *supply and demand.* With pork, it works like this:

More than half the pigs are born in spring—also according to law, the *law of nature.* They spend the summer and early fall growing to pork-chop size.

Then, along about the time the first leaves fall, all these pigs begin to come to market. And the same thing happens that happens with any other perishable commodity (strawberries or eggs or oranges) when there is suddenly a lot more than there was.

The price just naturally goes down!

That chart at the top shows how the cycle goes. *More pork—lower prices* through the winter months; *less pork—higher prices* through the summer.

But summertime is always the time when a big new meat crop is "growing up" on America's farms and ranches.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • *Members throughout the U.S.*

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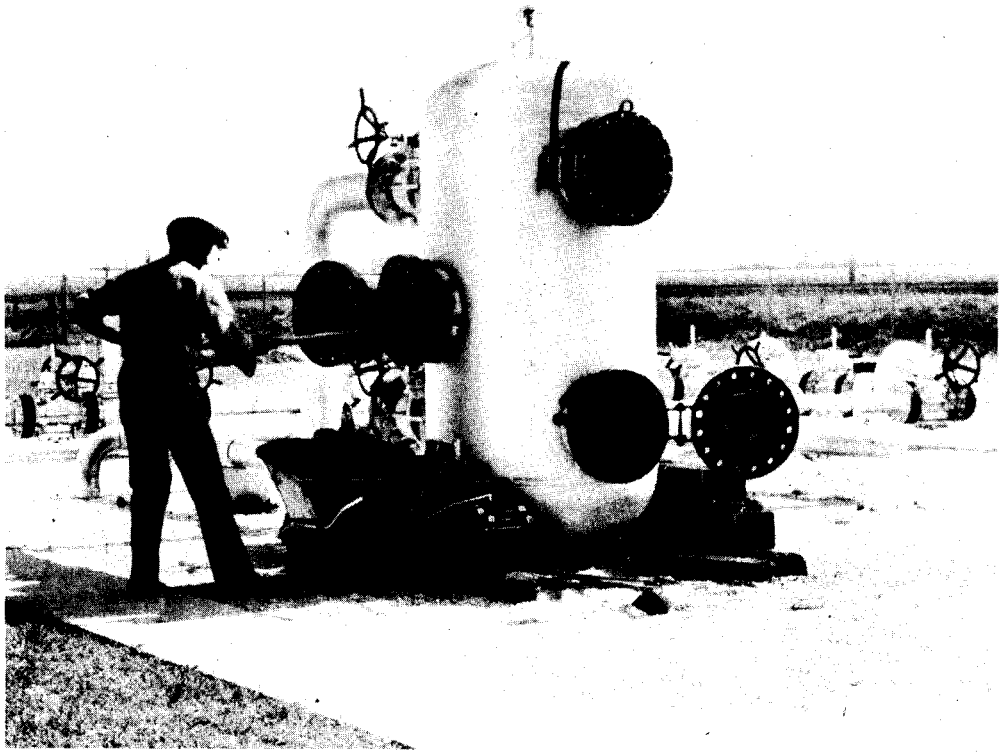
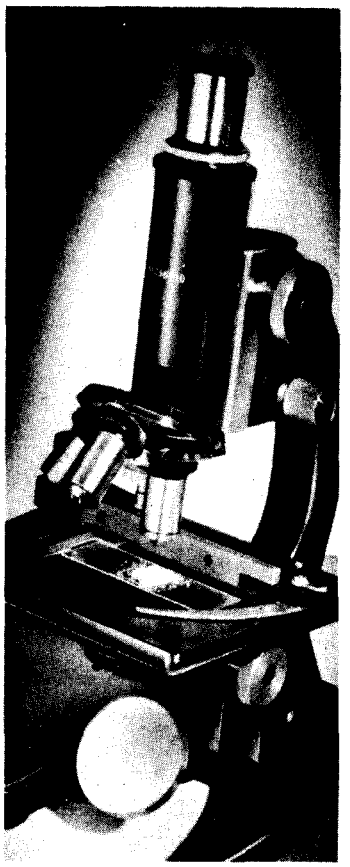
RUST—THE ENEMY OF CARS



3 TONS OF RUST PER YEAR IN 65 MILES—Showing the rust-scraping process that used to be done regularly in the Sinclair pipelines. Today, with Sinclair Anti-Rust Gasoline, containing RD-119, the problem no longer exists.



NOW—LESS THAN 1 OZ.—all the rust in a 65-mile stretch after six months.

Discovery in a Pipeline Saves Car Owners Millions in Repair Bills

How Sinclair Research developed the only anti-rust gasoline—to shield your car against the corrosion that cripples 1 car in 4 every year, that ruins 1,320 parts every hour.

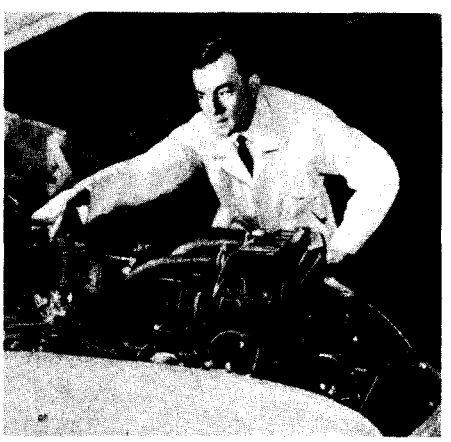
Each year one out of every four cars in the United States is ravaged by corrosion! Each year motorists pay $100,000,000 for rust damage in the fuel system.

Now this loss due to corrosion and rust can be stopped—as proved in our own pipelines. In our research laboratories, engineers developed a chemical which, when placed in the gasoline, automatically forms a protective film on the pipe through which it flows. The technicians call this chemical RD-119®. After RD-119, the six-month total of rust from 65 miles of pipeline was reduced from 3,000 pounds to *less than one ounce.*

Then, RD-119 was put in all Sinclair gasoline, regular and Ethyl—making Anti-Rust Gasoline. It costs no more than ordinary gasolines.

This is a typical result of a ceaseless process at Sinclair Research Laboratories. Improvements in old products—exciting new kinds of products—all are coming from this brain center devoted to progress.

Sinclair Research Laboratories, Inc., Harvey, Illinois (Subsidiary of Sinclair Oil Corp.)



$100,000,000 A YEAR! That's America's repair bill for fuel pumps, carburetors, etc. ruined by rust.

SINCLAIR—for Progress

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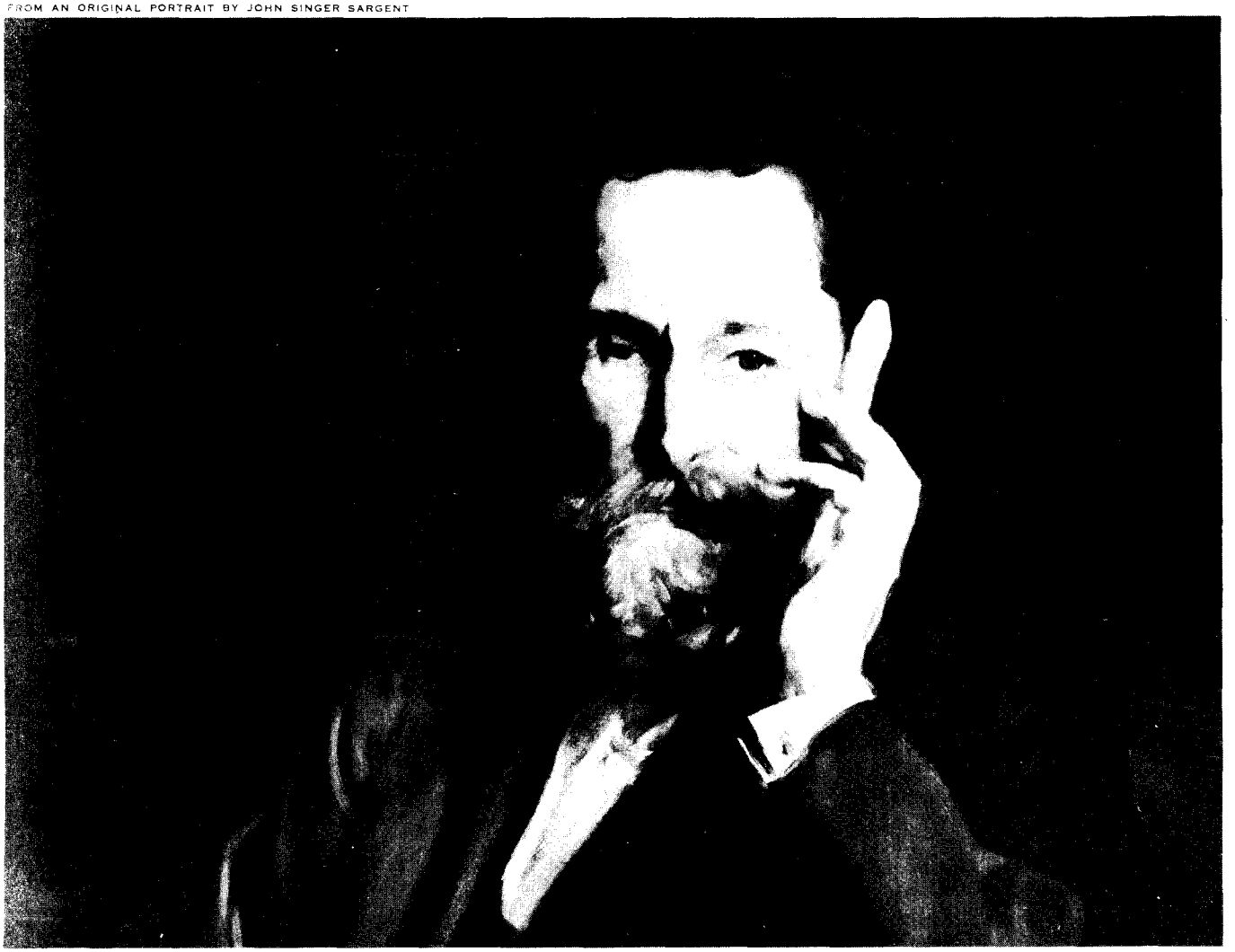
FROM AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT



He worked in darkness to spread the light

THE OLD PRESSES are silent now, and the gaudy gold dome of the *World* building isn't as shiny as it used to be. But if there's a place where great newspapermen go when they die, Joseph Pulitzer is there, rattling out a memo a minute, barking over and over at his reporters: "Accuracy! Fair play! Moral courage! Accuracy!"

Joe Pulitzer was just seventeen when he left Hungary for the United States—a big, gangling, hungry, uncomfortable, supercharged kid with a mind like a reservoir waiting for rain. He read the big book of his chosen country in a hard school—as a cavalryman in the Civil War, a penniless veteran on a park bench, a stoker on a ferryboat, a stevedore on the Mississippi levees. He ate when he could and slept when he had to, but most of the time he just gulped for knowledge. He was a kid who wanted to know all about everything.

One day he drifted into a job as a reporter on a St. Louis paper. And that wonderful thing happened which takes place when a genius suddenly finds the right button to push. Joe Pulitzer with his half-grown English, his hungry, driving mind, his need to know and tell all, was a born-great newspaperman.

So nothing could stop him. Soon he owned the *Post-Dispatch* in St. Louis and a paper in New York—the *World*, which many old newspapermen will tell you was the nearest thing to a human soul that ever came out of a linotype machine. And still Joseph Pulitzer ate when he could and slept when he had to, and spent most of his time inspiring his newsmen with a vast excitement, a gruff and beautiful dedication to the cause of letting people know.

Suddenly he went blind. Suddenly the man whose greatness was to see everything could see nothing. And still, for twenty more years, he went on as if nothing had happened, a torch consuming itself for others to read by.

There's a school of journalism that bears Joseph Pulitzer's name, and a priceless collection of paintings which he gave to a museum so that others might see what he could not. And there are prizes he wanted given every year to American writers who are really trying. But the real legacy Joseph Pulitzer left us is something more than these.

It's a conscience stirring in the pages of this country's good newspapers. It's a touch of starch in the backbone of a young reporter as he goes out to question the high and mighty. It's a voice reminding everybody whose business is news: "You are the eyes of the people. Pry into the dark corners. Turn on the lights. The people have a right to know."

John Hancock MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS

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If there be a country
which cannot stand
any one of these tests—

a country where *knowledge* cannot be *diffused*
without perils of mob law and statute law;

where *speech* is not *free;*

where the *post office* is *violated,* mail bags
opened, and letters tampered with;

where *public debts* and *private debts* outside
of the state are *repudiated;*

where *liberty* is attacked in the primary
institution of social life . . .

where the *laborer* is not *secured* in the earnings
of his own hand;

where *suffrage* is not *free* or *equal* —

R. Waldo Emerson

that country is, in all these respects, not civil,
but barbarous; and no advantage of soil,
climate, or coast can resist
these suicidal mischiefs.
(Civilization, 1862)

Artist: herbert bayer

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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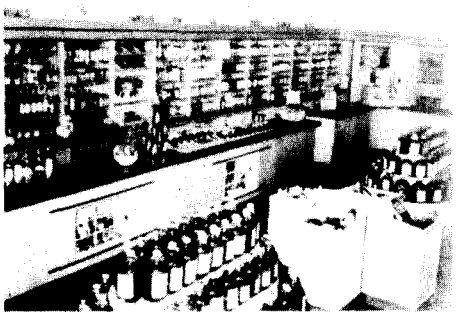
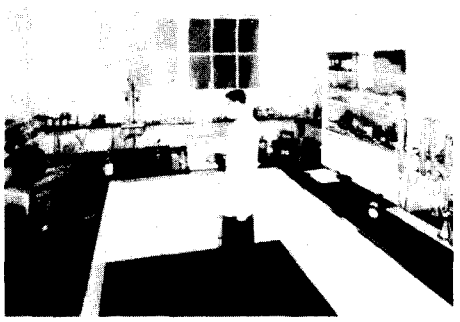


TODAY'S LIQUOR PACKAGE STORES are well run, attractive, law abiding. By earning public goodwill, they have helped the legal producers of alcoholic beverages pay over *$33 billion* in Federal, state and local taxes since Repeal.

TODAY'S BARS, taverns and hotel cocktail lounges have won public acceptance by serving good alcoholic beverages in attractive surroundings. Like liquor package stores, they have proved the soundness of laws which control but do not deny basic personal liberties of the individual.



TODAY'S LEGAL LIQUOR is pure. It is made in distilleries famed for spotless cleanliness, under constant laboratory and production controls. *No industry does more than the alcoholic beverage industry to safeguard the purity of its product.*

TODAY'S LEGAL LIQUOR INDUSTRY stands for the encouragement of moderation, the licensing of only orderly places of business and the strict observance and enforcement of the law.

JUDGE JACKSON B. CHASE OF OMAHA IS ONE OF NEBRASKA'S LEADING JURISTS.

"WE MADE A WISE DECISION IN '33"

"Officials charged with the responsibilities of public office are likely to have strong convictions about some of the laws they are called upon to enact or administer. And most of us realize how difficult it is to 'legislate' changes in human nature.

"That is why I feel that the Repeal of Prohibition in 1933 was one of the very wise decisions of the American people. We had experimented with Prohibition for fourteen long years. It failed to meet the test; it simply did not work.

"The 18th Amendment led to laws which could not be enforced because they endangered one of our highly prized American rights . . . the right of the individual to exercise his own judgment in personal habits, with the very minimum of governmental interference and control. We were plagued by back-alley speakeasies, poisonous illegal whiskey and organized gangsterism . . . to say nothing of the burdensome expense of futile enforcement. Instead of improving conditions, we simply subsidized the bootlegger and hoodlum at the expense of Federal, state and local treasuries.

"Today, it has been recognized that legal liquor, strictly controlled and supervised, is the only *workable* answer. Through the enactment of practicable liquor laws which have the respect and support of the public, law enforcement becomes easier, and our public treasuries receive billions of tax dollars which formerly flowed into illicit channels.

"Moreover, the moderate use of alcoholic beverages is a normal part of the life of so many of our people that the action we took is justified. To me, Repeal is an outstanding example of American common sense at work."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Jackson B. Chase is a Judge of the Fourth Judicial District of Nebraska. An attorney engaged in general practice since 1919, he was an Assistant State Attorney General in 1921-22, a member of the Nebraska Legislature in 1933-34, and was appointed to the bench in 1946. Judge Chase is a veteran of World Wars I and II and has long been active in the American Legion. His message is sponsored by **LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.,** 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., in behalf of the legal producers and distributors of alcoholic beverages.

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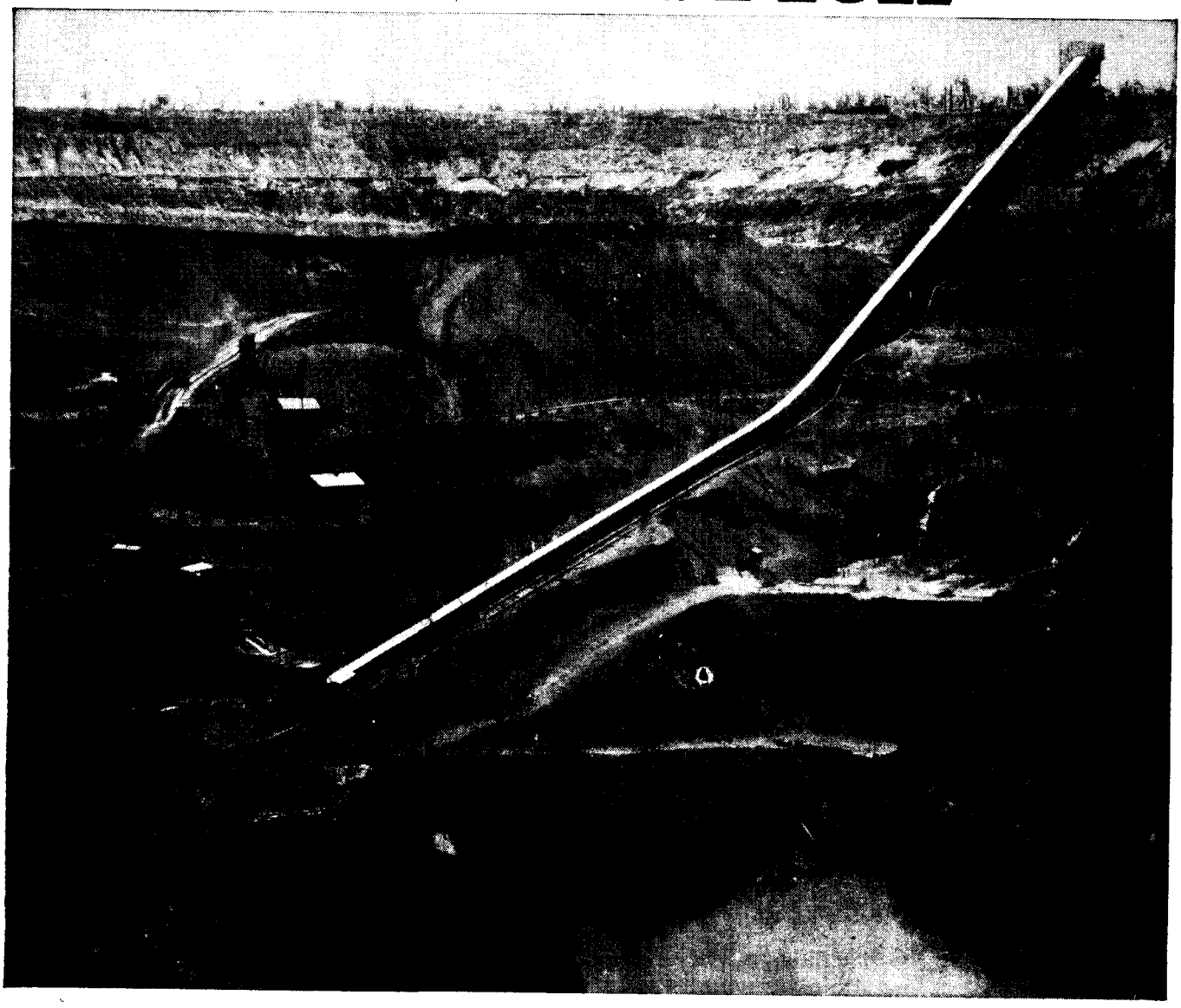
RESEARCH KEEPS **B.F.Goodrich** FIRST IN RUBBER



Iron ore rides magic carpet of rubber and steel

A typical example of B.F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

THAT hole in the ground is so deep a 30-story building could be built in it and the roof wouldn't reach the surface. Because of its depth, getting iron ore from the bottom of the mine up to a railroad was a big problem. A conveyor belt was needed, but a regular belt, strong enough to lift heavy ore to that height would be too stiff to carry the load.

But B. F. Goodrich engineers had developed a belt for just such "impossible" jobs. To give the belt the strength for climbing the walls of this canyon, they had twisted steel wire into cables, using *a half mile* of wire for *every foot* of belting. In this exclusive B. F. Goodrich belt design, the individual steel cables run lengthwise, each completely surrounded by rubber. The steel cables supply the needed strength and flexibility without making the belt stiff or too heavy.

The BFG steel cable belt was installed. You see the result. Already the belt has been at work four years, lifting 1,000 tons of ore an hour over a third of a mile, up and out of the mine. And the belt is still in perfect condition.

New and improved products, like this steel cable conveyor belt, are the result of the B. F. Goodrich emphasis on research — finding better and more economical ways of getting things done with industrial rubber products. That's why it pays to keep in touch with your BFG distributor for the latest ways to save with rubber. *The B.F. Goodrich Company, Industrial & General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F.Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY

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Prime Mover...

of the goods this country needs for national defense, and for its daily life and work, is the flanged wheel on the steel rail. Day and night—all across the face of the nation—at all seasons of the year—freight trains roll, carrying raw materials and finished goods, products of farm and forest and mine, of mill and factory.

Doing the big, basic transportation job that nothing else can do, the railroads need adequate income based on today's cost of operation. Only in this way can they be kept fit to do their job—the job of moving more tons of freight, more miles, at a lower average charge than any other form of general public transportation in the world.

Association of American Railroads

WASHINGTON 6, D.C.

Listen to THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC

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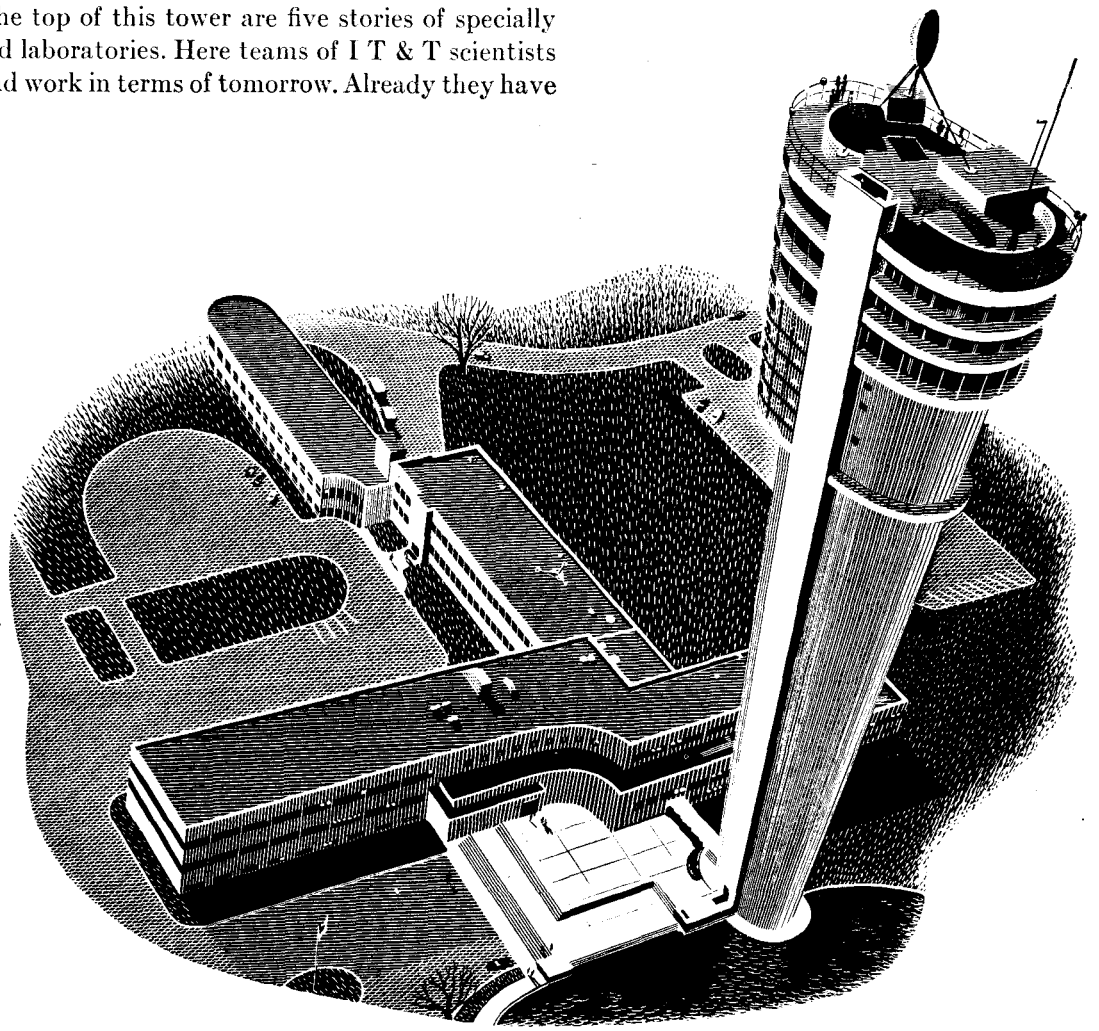
YOU CAN SEE TOMORROW FROM THE TOP OF THIS TOWER

New Electronic Wonders Are Being Developed at Federal Telecommunication Laboratories

This unique electronic research tower at Nutley, N. J. was designed to explore the mysterious realm of microwaves—those extremely short radio waves with such great future promise. Built into this 300-foot functional structure of steel and aluminum is a complex system of equipment and antennas . . . to advance experiments in the transmission of sight and sound by microwaves . . . to attain new highs in sensitivity in the reception of "line of sight" signals.

At the top of this tower are five stories of specially equipped laboratories. Here teams of I T & T scientists think and work in terms of tomorrow. Already they have made important contributions in several fields of telecommunication . . . in Pulse Time Modulation for transmitting multiple messages simultaneously on the same frequency . . . in mobile radio . . . in television . . . in new types of radar and improved devices for safe air navigation. And they are pointing the way to the possibility of a world-wide network of telephone, telegraph and television communication by microwave relay.



INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CORPORATION, *67 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y.*

U. S. Manufacturing Subsidiaries:

Federal Telephone and Radio Corporation • Capehart-Farnsworth Corporation • The Coolerator Company

I T & T COMMUNICATIONS

I T & T companies operate the most extensive American-owned system of international communications, telephone networks in many countries, approximately 47,000 nautical miles of submarine cable, more than 7,000 statute miles of landline, and some 200 radiotelephone and radiotelegraph circuits.

I T & T RESEARCH AND MANUFACTURING

I T & T maintains central laboratory companies in the United States, England, and France, in addition to the many specialized laboratories maintained by I T & T's 31 manufacturing companies in 19 countries. These I T & T facilities have proved their value to the free world in peace and war.

WORLD UNDERSTANDING THROUGH WORLD COMMUNICATIONS

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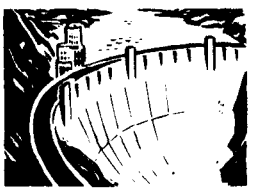
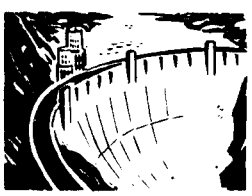
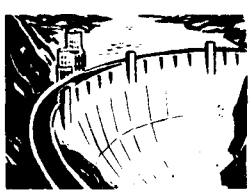
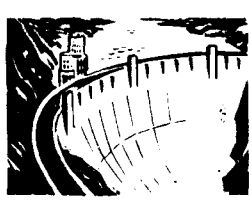
12,428,000 MORE HORSEPOWER

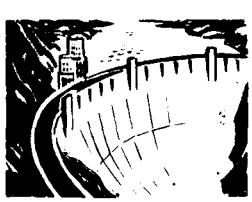
Produced by IH *in 1950 for the Progress and Security of America*

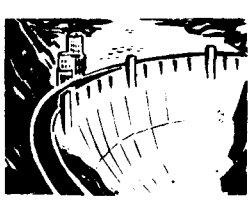












(about as much power as 9 Boulder Dams)

THAT'S A LOT OF POWER! Where does it come from? How is it used? How is it paid for?

12,428,000 horsepower is the total in all the International trucks, Farmall tractors, International crawler tractors and engines, and other power equipment produced by this Company in 1950.

Power in tractors permits each person on today's farms to produce food and fibre for almost seven persons, compared with only a little more than enough for just one person 100 years ago.

Power in bulldozers produces new highways, airports, housing and industrial developments, "snakes" out of the Northwest forests single logs big enough to provide lumber for a complete new house.

Power in motor trucks brings farm produce to the city, factory products to the farm, and transports goods back and forth across the whole nation.

These are only some of the jobs done by the 12,428,000 horsepower turned out by International Harvester in 1950.

New IH products—trucks, tractors, and engines—go right to work in the nation's service. They produce more and still more of the things the nation needs. *And they pay for themselves in use.*

With only seven per cent of the world's population and five per cent of its land area, the United States now has half the world's production. Our SECURITY will be maintained as long as we increase our PRODUCTION.

Only free men can develop and increase such tremendous power for production. Only they can fully harness power for constructive purposes, making it an instrument for better living.

The best hope for a peaceful world is a strong America. More power and more production make it stronger every day!

IH Products Pay for Themselves in Use

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

Builders of farm equipment for easier, more profitable farming . . . trucks for better transport . . . industrial power for road-building and earthmoving . . . refrigeration for better preservation of food.

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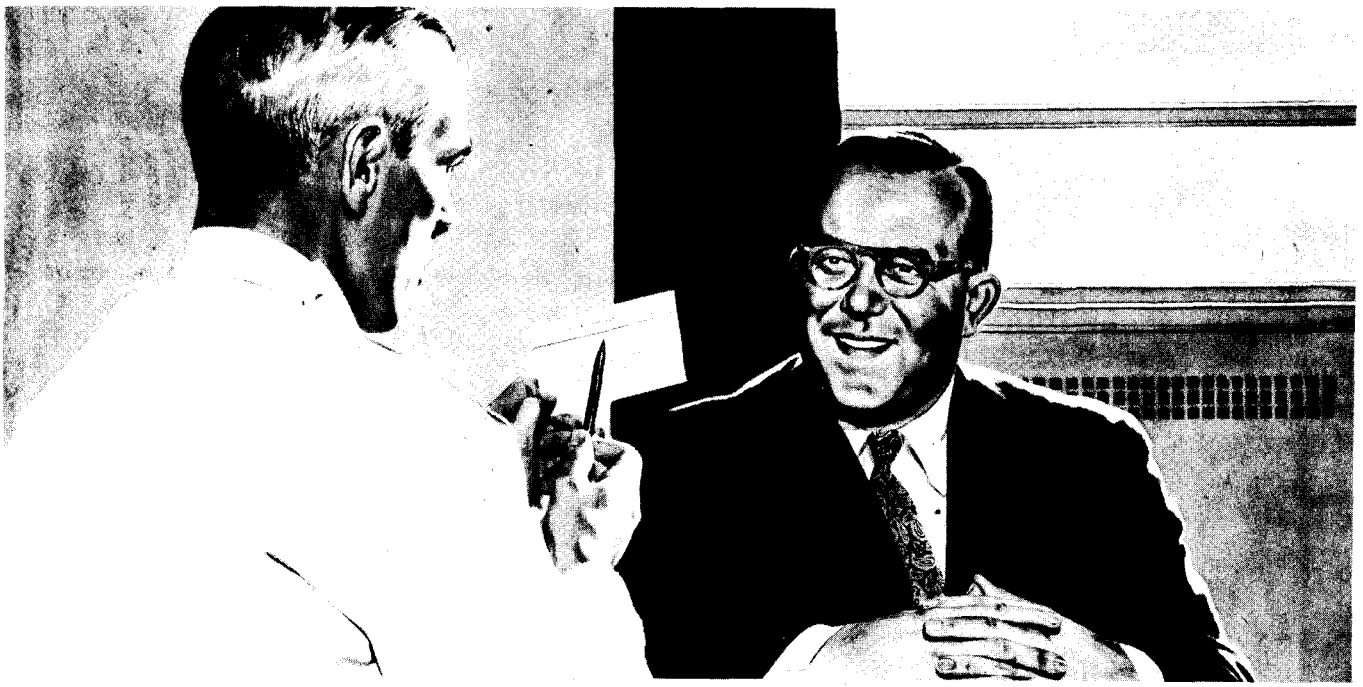
What doctors say about Overweight



There are three **wrong** ways to Lose Weight

Through strenuous exercise

Authorities agree that physical activity alone causes relatively little weight loss. Moreover, it places an extra burden on the heart which may already be taxed from overweight. In addition, exercise may increase appetite and cause a person to eat more than he usually would.

Through quick reducing diets

Doctors say that practically all "get-thin-quick" diets are likely to do more harm than good. That is because sudden weight loss may impair health by lowering a person's strength and resistance. Gradual weight reduction—ranging from two to three pounds a week—protects against these hazards.

Through reducing pills

Medical science has long condemned the use of self-prescribed drugs to reduce weight. Authorities say these drugs should be used only when recommended by a doctor and then taken exactly as directed. Many of them may affect the heart or cause other serious conditions.

There is one best way to Lose Weight

The way to accomplish weight reduction is through a diet prescribed and supervised by the doctor. Authorities caution against overweight—especially after age 30—as excess pounds may place a burden on many vital parts of the body, particularly the heart and circulatory system.

The best way for each individual to get weight down and to keep it there, is through his doctor's guidance. This is important because the doctor will determine the cause of overweight which, in over 95 percent of the cases, is simply due to overeating.

The doctor's help is needed, too, in determining what foods, and how much, may be eaten. He will also recommend regular exercise, and particularly that best suited to the individual.

With the doctor's advice, the hazards of sudden and unwise weight loss may usually be avoided . . . and weight reduction, in cases due to overeating, accomplished *steadily and safely.*

"Cheers for Chubby" is a new cartoon film on the danger, prevention and treatment of overweight. It was produced by Metropolitan, with the cooperation of the Pubiic Health Service of the Federal Security Agency and the American Medical Association. Entertaining and instructive, "Cheers for Chubby" will be shown in theaters this year. Watch for it in your neighborhood.

COPYRIGHT 1951—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

For more information, write for Metropolitan's booklet, SR-1, "Overweight and Underweight."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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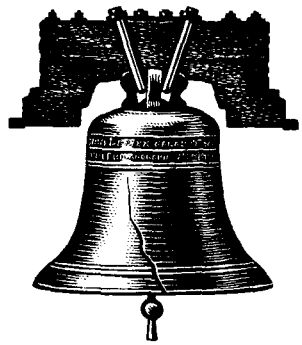
"Only in the United States"



"While few realize it, the future of our kind of life is involved in the kind of communications policies we have. All over the world, the avenues of communications are in the hands of the state. Only in the United States do we have a free, privately owned system. We want to keep it that way."

U. S. Senator Ernest W. McFarland
Chairman, Communications Subcommittee
Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce

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Music to My Ears

CONSOLIDATED "ELEKTRA"—MODERNIZED MONTEVERDI—MONIQUE DE LA ETC.

THE new kind of season Rudolf Bing has put together at the Metropolitan since last November is not wholly definable yet, but as it enters its final month one startling fact is clear: it is a season thus far with more of Strauss, Richard (2) than Wagner, Richard (1). I note the fact without prejudice, but as worthy of attention—and as partial explanation why the "Salome" was so good and the recent "Elektra" even better, probably the best the house has ever offered. It is simply that without several other German works to sing, the "Elektra" performers had a much better chance to do this one justice.

Of focal importance was the Elektra of Astrid Varnay. She may not match the spine-chilling fury of Rose Pauly—the last Metropolitan performer of the role in 1939—but she has far more of the appropriate sound, and it signifies more than a little. Around her as warp Fritz Reiner has spun a musical woof tightly knit, suitably colored, and consistently designed to spell out the Straussian pattern. One of its brightest threads is the shimmering soprano of Walburga Wegner, a German soprano who made an impressive debut with a Chrysothemis strongly sung from first to last, soundly acted, and phrased with the skill of a ranking singing-actress. Miss Varnay's powerful top C on the long-held phrase "der jauchzt" (which, with most Elektras, is a mere shriek) was one vocal highpoint; another was the even beauty of the duet with Chrysothemis.

Together Mmes. Varnay and Wegner made an uncommonly plausible pair of kingly daughters, stressing the human, realistic illusion in the play rather than neurotic abandon. The latter element was quite adequately cared for by Elisabeth Hoengen, whose Klytemnestra was appropriately bawdy and bloated, if somewhat unnecessarily harsh in sound. (She was in better voice and acted with more restraint at the second performance.)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. The Dashwood family, in "Sense and Sensibility." 2. Lady Catherine, in "Pride and Prejudice." 3. Miss Taylor, in "Emma." 4. Mr. Darcy, in "Pride and Prejudice." 5. Henry Tilney, in "Northanger Abbey." 6. Mr. Collins, in "Pride and Prejudice." 7. Catherine Morland, in "Northanger Abbey." 8. Elizabeth Bennet, in "Pride and Prejudice." 9. Anne Elliot, in "Persuasion." 10. Mr. Rushworth, in "Mansfield Park."

Hans Hotter, Set Svanholm, and Paul Franke sang the male roles acceptably with some of the Metropolitan's choicest young fry—Paula Lenchner, Mildred Miller, Genevieve Warner, Lucine Amara, Jean Madeira, even Martha Lipton and Hertha Glaz—adding clarity and freshness to the ensemble. What seemed to be a new glow on the old Urban scenery came not from the brilliance of the performance—much as one would like to attribute it to that cause—but probably from the paint pot and some expensive union hands. Herbert Graf's time-tried action and the always attentive musical direction of Fritz Reiner completed an "Elektra" direct in effect, consolidated in plan.

As a theatre piece "Elektra" remains a compelling totality, with almost enough high points to dim one's memory of the low ones. One says "almost" in tribute to the genius with which Strauss evolved a vocabulary suitable for the tale and a mood suitable to the action. Even the areas of mere text setting are, perhaps, desirable; for two hours plus of unrelieved tension could be too much. In any case, call it tremendous or merely great, "Elektra" is worth hearing at any time, and certainly as presently given.

* * *

Whether the Mitropoulos performances of Monteverdi's "Orfeo" with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra will be followed, after a suitable interval, by a production at the Metropolitan—as was the case with "Elektra"—seems more than a little doubtful. But it emphasizes the relative ease with which such a venture can be added to the schedule of a symphony orchestra rather than an opera company. Nobody took issue with the lighting, the decor, the staging, or the costumes (there were none of course), permitting a concentration on the obvious and undeniable fact that the musical execution under Mitropoulos was superb, the vocal work of Mack Harrell, Jane Hobson, Charles Kullmann, and Frances Greer uniformly superior. I was also taken with the sound of some incidental phrases sung from a place in the chorus by Elinor Link; a voice of this personality should be heard from.

Monteverdi's musical diction is of a high individuality, as characteristic and unduplicated, say, as Berlioz's — whose esthetic his resembles more than a little. No turn of phrase is pre-

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dictable, and even after it has been heard and absorbed it remains fresh when reheard—for in the meantime one has not heard music of any other mind which worked in quite the same way. Like Berlioz, Monteverdi matches a unique sense of musical prosody with a color perception unlike any other composer's.

One makes these observations with something like an over-all "but" in mind, for the arrangement heard is, of course, contemporary—for this occasion (out of half a dozen different possibilities) Ottorino Respighi's. How much of it duplicates Monteverdi while using contemporary sound sources (trumpets, harp, percussion, etc.), how much exaggerates his colors, and how much is merely extraneous one could scarcely say, since there is virtually no way of re-creating the size and tonal slant of the original. I found it altogether an absorbing pastiche, for all the liberties obviously taken, and even though the generally admirable program notes of Herbert Peyser omitted any sizable amount of the text. (The libretto on sale in the lobby showed that, as well as adding much instrumentally, Respighi had substracted a good deal textually).

Quite outstanding, among the vocalists, was Mack Harrell's beautifully expansive, warmly phrased, clearly enunciated treatment of the music for Orfeo (here a baritone, in some other versions a tenor). Together with intelligence, it had heart and conviction —no mean combination of virtues. Charles Kullmann used his limited amount of voice admirably, as did Mmes. Hobson and Greer their less limited amounts. As for the orchestra, it gave praise with every breath and bow stroke for release from a never-ending round of symphonies and concertos.

* * *

The first piano recital of Monique de la Bruchollerie carried to some logical conclusions the first impressions of her debut with the Boston Symphony Orchestra the week before. Finesse rather than power is her metier, the implied rather than the obvious her forte. I was particularly taken with her playing of a Debussy group—"La Cathédrale engloutie," "Général Lavine," "Jardins sous la pluie," etc.—in which she relied as much on exquisitely clean finger work as she did on a subtle perception of the musical values she sought to project. There was flexibility in every phrase, light and shade in admirable proportion, and a complete control of every detail. Whether or not she is what the musical trade calls a "big" personality, she is a musician of consequence.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

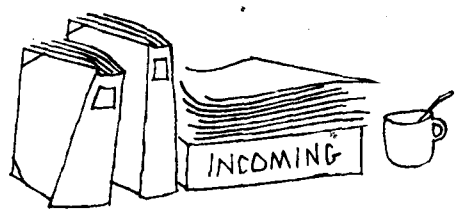
IDEAS & STUDIES

(Continued from page 26)

authoritative was published. Sometimes people were suspected of using material they had heard at lectures—Aldous Huxley, for example—but, on the whole, the System's secrets were well kept.

Now, as Dr. Walker says in his foreword, "For the first time for well-nigh thirty years, I am free to write whatever I care to write." And he has given a wonderfully clear account of P. D. Ouspensky's lectures, and of the "work" first at Hayes and later at Virginia Water. That he has reduced to such clarity, and into such brief compass, these difficult ideas, requiring a lifetime's study, is itself a proof of the effectiveness of that study. He points out what is old in the ideas, and also what is new, whether in departure or in emphasis. For example, Ouspensky's idea that man is a machine is very old. But Ouspensky "argued that because man had no permanent self but only a succession of changing 'I's' each of which exerted a momentary call, it was impossible for there to be a will for the whole man. Since men are asleep, they cannot, in that sleep, exercise any control or will. They must first awake." Dr. Walker also has a gift for description: his account of his visit to Ouspensky's furnished room in the dismal Victorian Gwendyr Road, the remains of a loaf, a half-finished box of sardines on the mantel piece, of his own display of vanity on that occasion, and of Ouspensky's disposal of it is exquisite. He has, too, a knack of formulating simply the hardest concepts; his characterizations are also masterly.

The last part of the book, about Gurdjieff, is less successful. Katherine Mansfield wrote to her husband, "Gurdjieff is not in the least what I expected. He's what one wants to find him really"; and with this Dr. Walker agrees. "Gurdjieff," he writes, "had the sea-god Proteus's many sidedness. He managed to combine in his person the qualities of a man and a woman, an angel and a devil, a mischievous boy and a dignified sage. Visitors if shocked by what they had previously heard of him would leave his presence more shocked; if they believed he was a



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charlatan, they had their belief confirmed." And he also writes: "I am convinced that Gurdjieff followed the dictates of his conscience, and that when he sinned he sinned only against the moral code which 'has the unique property which belongs to the being bearing the name chameleon.' When he offended conventional morality he did so openly."

But the orgies of complicated eating (at which Katherine Mansfield also protested) and the quantities of toasts drunk, the "sinning against conventional morality, and sinned he certainly had" hardly add up to the Living Bread which the initiated declared Gurdjieff gave them daily at lunch. Dr. Walker conveys the impression of a Gargantuan old roué, enjoying soul-sampling as much as red vodka and other joys of the flesh. Margaret Anderson in her "The Fiery Fountains" has attempted to describe how Gurdjieff made her feel hangdog, see herself hangdog, know herself empty. Dr. Walker has seen Gurdjieff penny plain; Margaret Anderson and Katherine Mansfield saw him twopence colored; and in this case kodachrome has it every time.

Fear Through Grace

JUDAISM AND MODERN MAN: An Interpretation of Jewish Life. By Will Herberg. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 313 *pp.* $4.

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

"IF THOU wishest to search out the deep things of God," said Richard of St. Victor, "search out the depths of thine own spirit." The author of "Judaism and Modern Man" has followed this advice. Immersed for many years in political and labor union affairs as well as in theological studies, Mr. Herberg has experienced deep intellectual and spiritual tensions, of which this book is both the expression and the resolution. This book is Herberg's call in his distress unto the Lord, and it is also the Lord's answer to him "with enlargement." The book was written apparently out of a desperate need to engage in an encounter with God. The encounter, however, is not projected in order to extract anything from God—Herberg is not Abraham bargaining with God in order to save Sodom, nor Job challenging God to become a defendant in a court of law and justice. It is projected only so that the author could say: "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." But the dust and ashes are not external to Herberg; they are found in the depths of his own spirit and are the

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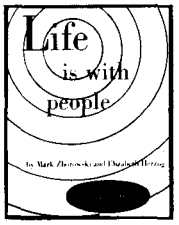

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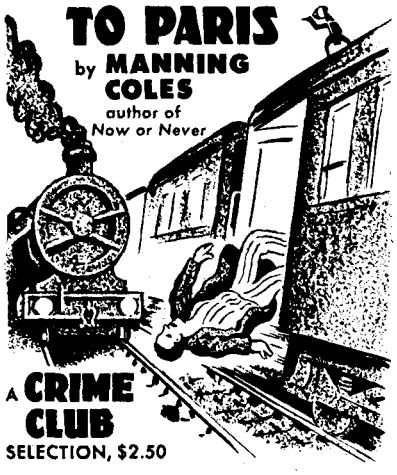

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substance of his confession and repentance.

The mood of this book recalled to my mind an event reported in the Talmud. It is related that when the great Rabbi Johanan ben Zakkai was ill, his disciples called upon him. When the master saw them, he began to weep. His disciples said to him: "Why dost thou weep?" He answered them: "If I were being led before a king of flesh and blood, who is here today and in the grave the next day; who, if he were angry with me, his anger need not be everlasting; and who, if he should imprison me, his imprisonment need not be everlasting; and who, if he were to put me to death, the death would not be forever; and whom I could appease with words and bribe with gifts—even then would I weep. But now, when I am being led before the King of Kings, the Holy One, Who lives and endures to all eternity; Who, if He be angry with me, His anger may be eternal; Who, if He imprison me, His imprisonment would be everlasting; Who, if He sentenced me to death, the death may be forever; and Whom I cannot appease with words nor bribe with gifts—shall I then not weep?" His disciples said: "Our master, bless us!" He answered them: "May it be God's will that the fear of Heaven be upon you as great as is the fear of flesh and blood!"

Mr. Herberg's faith is that of a man who has no fear of flesh and blood and who prays for the constant fear of Heaven—a fear that comes only through grace. For to fear flesh and blood is to subject oneself to the sovereignty of the conditioned and the finite; while only the unconditioned, the infinite—only God—is the true sovereign and worthy of fear.

A major part of the book is devoted to the recapture of Biblical theology and its purification from the dogmas and superstitions which institutional and sectarian interests and ambitions have injected into it. This theology, which is the core of belief that could be claimed as a common inheritance by both Jew and Christian, stands as a shield against the ugly distortions of humanity in systems of political, ideological, and sacerdotal authority. The relevance of this theology can be disputed only by men who are ignorant of its character.

Mr. Herberg has written a book that is profoundly religious and intellectually exciting. It ought to be widely read and reckoned with. If it has a fault, I would say that that fault is that its mood and substance are severely serious without mitigation. "Only those of a broken heart," says Mr. Herberg, "can find God." But one wants to protest that surely God can be reached also through laughter and gladness. There can be joy in the performance of God's commandments, and the sound of dancing feet may be as acceptable to Him as tears. We are told by ancient rabbis that if a man has fulfilled all the commandments but has not felt delight on earth, he will not feel delight in Heaven.

With this book Mr. Herberg joins the distinguished company of Martin Buber, Solomon Schechter, and Leo Baeck as a profound interpreter of the teachings of Judaism and of the Biblical theology.

The Criminal Record

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TOP OF THE HEAP *A. A. Fair* (*Erle Stanley Gardner*) (Morrow: $2.50)	S. F. playboy phonies alibi; Private Eye Donald Lam smells rat, trails same across corpses; Bertha Cool shrieks at expense account.	Now it's out (what everybody knew): A. A. Fair is you-know-who; plot balloons with customary zip.	In the groove
CLASSIC CRIMES *William Roughead* (British Book Centre: $4)	Twelve real cases, largely Scottish, by the Caledonian Edmund Pearson: Deacon Brodie, Burke and Hare, Madeleine Smith, Constance Kent, *et al.*	Memorable 449-page selection, unqualifiedly recommended to devotees of the actual.	Grade A
DEATH IS A ROUND BLACK BALL *Mike Roscoe* (Crown: $2.50)	Two women snuffed, small boy snatched, gang rule of Kansas City at stake—Johnny April seeks answer over sprawled corpses.	Toughies, m. and f., claw, bite, and shoot way across frenzied panorama.	Kick-in-the-groin school

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Ideas & Studies Notes

PIONEERS OF RUSSIAN SOCIAL THOUGHT. By Richard Hare. Oxford University Press. $4.50. Biographies of intellectuals seldom attract the casual reader, and the subtitle of this collection—"Studies of Non-Marxian Formation in Nineteenth-Century Russia and of its Partial Revival in the Soviet Union"—is enough to numb even a scholar's curiosity. This is unfortunate, for Richard Hare's lively volume and its promised sequel deserve to be read. His dramatis personae—Belinsky, Khomyakov, Chernyshevsky, Herzen, Leontiev, and others—though their names are strange to American ears, are men well worth meeting. At a time when our knowledge of the ideas and impulses that have shaped the Russian character is perilously deficient an enlightening book, written with insight, animation and assurance, should have a warm reception. By a happy inspiration Mr. Hare has side-stepped the current hostility towards Marxist ideologists and resurrected some Slavic reformers of the last century who were individually significant, authentically Russian, but indifferent or opposed to Marxian formulas. The fact that several of them have recently received a conditional recognition under the Soviet regime is a tribute to the vitality of their social criticism. No one seriously interested in modern Russian history will want to miss it.

THE NEW SOCIETY. By Edward Hallett Carr. Macmillan. $1.60. Six lectures that Professor Carr delivered last May and June over the BBC network have been combined almost without change to form this short but penetrating and often profound critique of contemporary society. American readers will resent some of the conclusions. Other provocative observations doubtless displeased British Labor Party stalwarts, particularly Carr's charge that "a society which undertakes to insure freedom from want for its members must be able to count on keeping up a level of organized production sufficient to meet their basic needs." The attempt of the United States to discharge in the twentieth century the role Great Britain played in the nineteenth is criticized as unrealistic because the "social revolution" and the "colonial revolution" have changed the patterns of world economy. The final essay on "The Road to Freedom" concludes with an appeal for "a new science of politics" that will reconcile individualism with mass democracy and democracy with Socialism.

—GEOFFREY BRUUN.

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THE large advertisements which the airlines have been taking in the New York papers, and I suspect in newspapers all over the country, announcing the new tourist-class air fares to Europe, have left me spinning in a swirl of figures. There has been off and on here in the East just the faintest hope of spring in the wind, enough at any rate to render the fleeting thought of a July morning on a bench in the Tuileries not beyond comprehension. The great question is just how much cheaper has a trip to Europe become. In point of outlay of cash for transportation, it will take neither an airline executive nor an arithmetician to tell you that the saving could not be called fantastic.

There will now be four price categories for transatlantic flights. From April 1 until October 31, there will be an on-season first-class fare and an on-season tourist-class fare. From November 1 through March 31 there will be an off-season first-class fare and an off-season tourist-class fare. Is everybody here? All tourist rates are based on the trip from New York to Shannon, Ireland. Beyond Shannon to any other point in Europe there is no saving. Here is a sample of comparative fares between New York and Shannon:

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Going to Paris, whence all European roads lead, will still mean an on-season tourist fare outlay of $522. A man taking his wife still has a major outlay in cash before he has crunched into the first brioche. Let's face it, the new airline fares are not going to put the steamship lines out of business as long as the minimum tourist class boat fare continues at about $170 each way. In considering this low-cost steamship travel, one assumes (1) that it is possible to wangle space; (2) that one has two weeks to spend at sea; (3) that it is understood that tourist class does not always offer the greatest advantages in comfort or privacy.

It does seem certain from early indications, however, that the new air tourist fares will inspire a series of low-cost tours abroad and a general improvement and widening of low-cost facilities throughout the Continent. By this time your own local travel agent should have on his shelf a series of ten-day package tours of Europe that will be offered this summer at a flat fee of $100. The ten-dollar-a-day price will include accommodations at a carefully selected group of centrally-located, middle category hotels, three meals a day, sightseeing in modern motor coaches with English-speaking guides, transfer service between depots and hotels, plus hotel taxes and service charges. On this basis a European summer vacation is altogether possible for anyone with a two-week vacation who has managed to stash away about $600.

The hundred-dollar tours are a creation of House of Travel, a New York company which will sell the trips through 2,000 travel agents in the United States and Canada. Six itineraries of ten days each and three itineraries of five days each have been announced. Trips can be started from either end of the itinerary, and two or more trips can be linked together at a small charge to cover transit between one starting point and the next. Among the ten-day excursions is a trip through England and Scotland; another takes the traveler to Amsterdam, The Hague, Volendam and Marken, Brussels, Paris and Versailles; a third covers the high spots of Switzerland; a fourth trips through Paris, Versailles, Lyons, and the Riviera. One five-day itinerary, priced at $50, takes in Naples, the Amalfi Drive stopping at Pompeii and Sorrento, and Capri.

The tours are, of course, unconducted beyond the fact that an interpreter will meet travelers at points of arrival, formerly a mark of service reserved for high-priced clients. The list of hotels participating in the plan includes the Kenilworth in London, the Parioli in Rome, the Jura in Lucerne, the Park at The Hague, the Splendide in Venice, the Villa in Sorrento, and the Hotel L'Océan in Paris.

ANOTHER arrangement available this summer will offer travelers in blocs of eight their own station-wagon bus, the right to make their own itinerary, and the privilege of obtaining low-cost lodging and meals at designated facilities all over Europe. Called the Pamosa Plan, it is designed for students, teachers, and other fortunates with at least a month to spend abroad. The cost on a thirty-day basis works out

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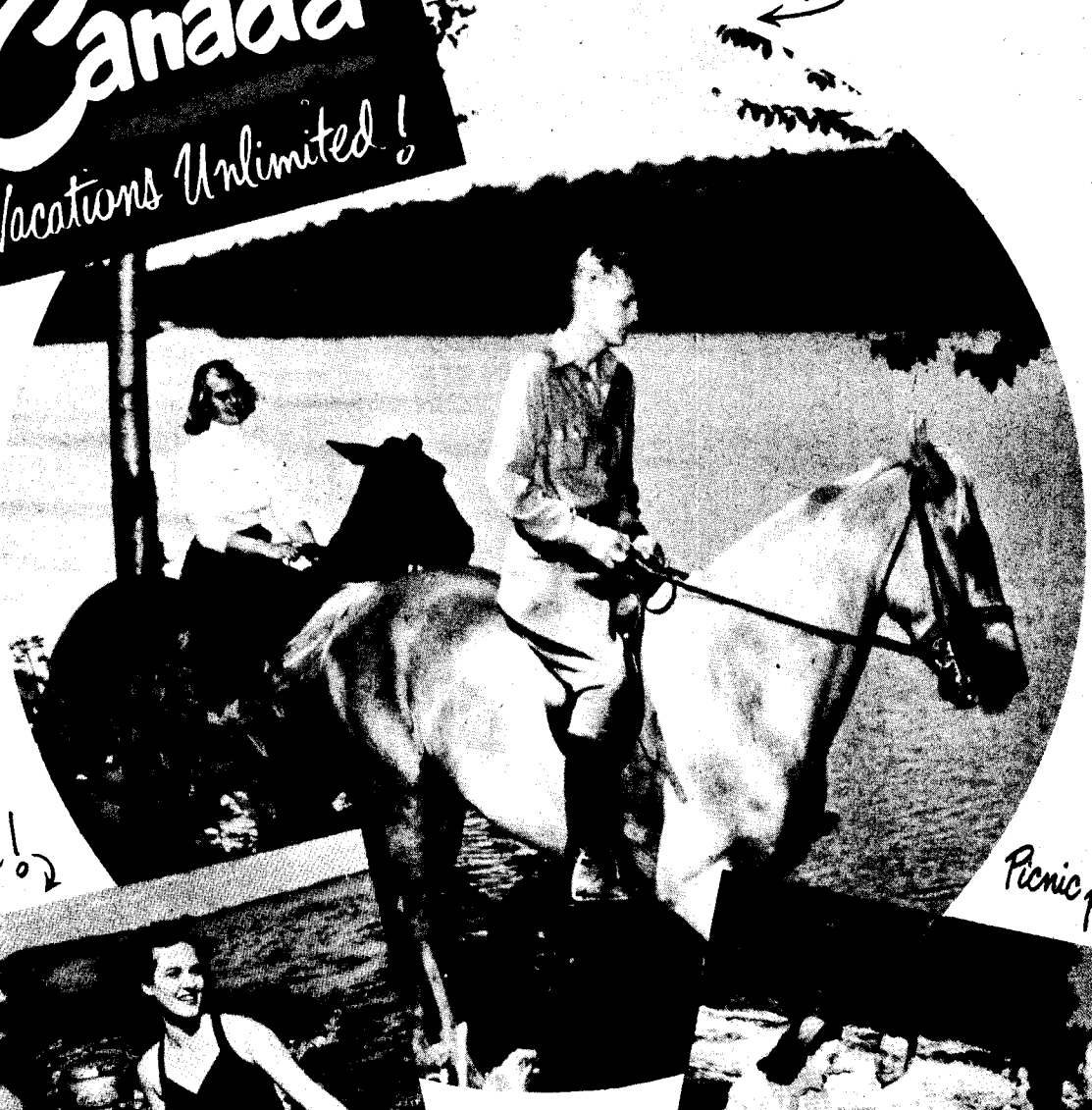

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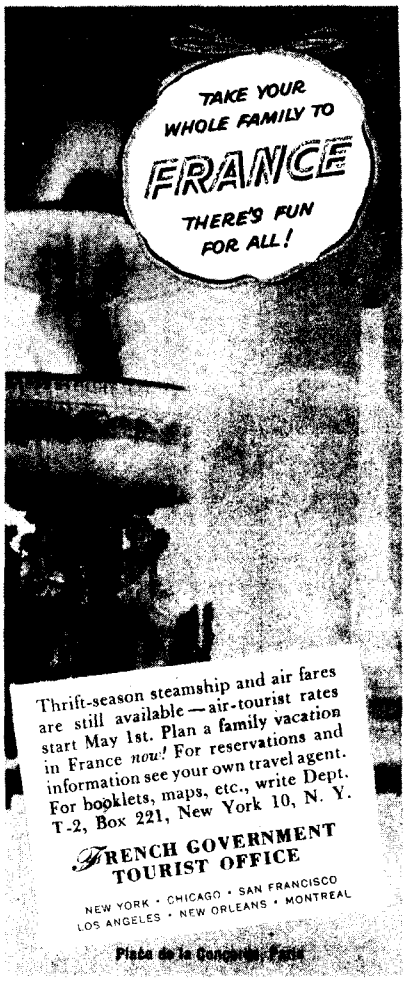
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The Pamosa Plan is fashioned around the new eight-passenger snub-nosed bus built by Volkswagen in the American Zone of Germany. The vehicle is hardly larger than a medium-sized American car, but it is shaped with the motor in the rear. Three sit in the front row, two in the second, three in the back, and the baggage rides on the roof.

The Volkswagen bus sells for $1,600. Each of the eight persons pays $100 fee for use of the bus for a month, plus another $100 as a deposit. For this outlay of $1,600 the eight-man group owns the bus and is at liberty to take it anywhere in Europe. At the end of the month Pamosa in effect buys back the bus by returning the $100 deposit.

Pamosa is preparing a booklet offering suggested itineraries from Scandinavia to Sicily and listing the hotels and restaurants between those extremities with whom the company has made low-cost arrangements. The hotels, which carry a first-class designation, will charge $4 a night and provide a complete luncheon or full dinner at $1.50. Continental breakfast will be available at about fifty cents, bringing the daily food and lodging cost to $7.50 a day or $225 for the month.

An average month of driving in Europe, the Pamosa people figure, will probably rack up about 2,500 miles. The Volkswagen bus travels some twenty-two miles on a gallon, which is rather fortunate mileage in Europe, where gas sells for about fifty cents a gallon. One month's petrol bill comes to $56.80 or $7.10 per person. Add that to the $100 fee for use of the bus, plus $225 for food and lodging, and the cost of traveling in your own vehicle in Europe for thirty days comes to a total of $332.10. This plan will be offered through regular travel agents all over the country. Pamosa suggests, in the interest of harmony en route, that the plan will appeal to groups of eight people who knew each other before invading the Continent. However, it will be possible for travel agents to assemble their own parties of eight from their customers.

All told, it seems perfectly clear in view of the airlines' decision to establish a two-fare system that a look at Europe will soon become no less feasible than a look at Atlantic City. It is even being supposed in certain quarters, this one included, that our broad, salaried, two-weeks-with-pay citizens may carry a new and healthier aspect of America to Europe, which has largely been fed all these trying years by Hollywood and the Maxim's-Tour d'Argent-Riviera set.

The rates are still nearly a hundred dollars higher than what was originally proposed by some lines; nor, as I indicated earlier, do they apply between Shannon and the rest of Europe. Nothing has been done, either, about knocking down rates that could bring air travelers in through the Mediterranean gateway.

This summer's departure is being examined as something of an experiment, and although some lines are using DC-6Bs and Constellations, travelers will have to put up with a smaller baggage allowance, no liquor, and they will have to pay for meals. Putting additional seats in the same size aircraft, which has already been done on domestic coach flights, has created some unexpected problems. The story has been going around airplane circles of the hapless pilot who was flying a coach flight Constellation loaded with nearly ninety passengers. Each time he left the cockpit to walk down to the men's room he found a long line in front of him. Each time he went back to the cockpit for a while and returned some time later he found the same line, new faces. Finally he thought a minute, then walked back to the cockpit, flipped a switch turning on a sign in the cabin which read, "Fasten Your Safety Belts." When every man jack was secured in his seat the captain walked down the empty aisle to the men's room.

—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELERS' TALES

THE GLOBETROTTER'S BEDSIDE BOOK. By Gordon Cooper. British Book Centre. $3.25. We have had the bedside books of mysteries, poetry, and humor. Here finally is the insomniac's handbook on travel. It is a collection of short pieces on strange places which the author has visited during what appears to have been a long career of traveling and writing. There is a flashback to the day he sailed as a deck hand on a Finnish freighter; the time he attended the feast of Santa Lucia in Syracuse, Sicily; the scorching African day he was willing to pay five shillings for beer in the Portuguese town of Tete on the Zambezi River. Mixed in are a few pages of famous quotations on the wanderlust, recipes for exotic drinks, and even columns of timetables for trains all over the world. After all, there are people who are fascinated by the time it takes the local rattler to get from Moghul Sarai to Allahabad. Sleepy yet?

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WHAT SOVIET WRITERS THINK

(Continued from page 12)

make the same demands upon the classics of American literature. But this being impossible, they have to content themselves with falsifying as best they can their literary heritage. Very significant in this respect are the studies of Mark Twain's literary heritage which appear from time to time in the magazine. The latter tries to reduce to nought Twain's passionate satire unmasking the rottenness of capitalist society, and blandly suggests that its readers should "simply enjoy the greatest of our humorists."[5] . . . This insolent manhandling of the immortal name and work of one of the greatest of U. S. realist writers is only part of a campaign, aimed at "rendering innocuous" the heritage of Mark Twain, which has been carried on for years by the International Mark Twain Society under the sponsorship of Truman, Churchill, and De Gaulle, and with the participation, to the best of their ability, of the ideologists of American imperialism, such as [John] Dewey, [T. S.] Eliot, [Eugene] O'Neill, and others. It is easy to judge of the importance attached to this firm engaged in falsifying the work of Mark Twain by the ruling clique of the USA from the fact that in Western Germany, for instance, which, as we know, is completely bossed by the Americans, it is planned in the near future to organize a branch of this society with a membership of . . . 50,000. The cynical utterances of *SRL*'s critics on Mark Twain are one more proof of the complete and unqualified readiness of these venal hack-writers to execute any of the orders of those who feed them.

THE magazine praises any and every malicious book directed against the Soviet Union or the American Communist party. Everything that *SRL* writes about books by Soviet authors and truthful books dealing with the Soviet scene is dictated by frantic hatred for the USSR.

On the other hand, how many rapturous epithets the same critics find at their disposal when it comes to any "works" coming from the poisoned pens of Churchill, Dulles, or Burnham. Their books, which preach the unleashing of a new war and spread the ideas of cosmopolitanism and racism, find in the columns of that magazine a most hearty welcome.

The works of well-known progressive writers are either passed over in silence by the magazine or serve as a pretext for malicious invectives against the progressive movement. In the past two years not one of the three books published by Howard Fast was reviewed in *SRL*,[6] while the latest novel of Stephen Heym about postwar Czechoslovakia provoked a torrent of abuse against Socialist countries.

The enslavement of American art by the "omnipotent" dollar, its complete subjugation to the requirements of official propaganda—such is the meaning of the literary policy pursued by *SRL*, this "theoretical" mouthpiece of the warmongers.

And what is the literary practice of those whose theoretical views are voiced by men from *SRL*? What does the "orthodox" literature of the warmongers offer its readers?[7] . . .

The ideological emissaries of Wall Street like Norman Cousins demand from literature that it create a war psychology in the minds of millions of readers, that it subjugate to war hysteria those who glance skeptically at the crying headlines of reactionary newspapers and who are inclined not to trust the daily press. But this is not an easy task. It is much easier to create a war situation in industry than to convince millions of people that they must fight for the world power of Wall Street. That is why experienced turncoats like Upton Sinclair, old spies like John Dos Passos, and dollar-greedy Davidsons are laying themselves out. That is why *SRL*, whose pages show clearly what infamous objects are put before literature by big business magnates, is being hysterical. Honest people of America are turning away in contempt from the literary dishes cooked in the kitchen of reactionary propaganda by order of the warmongers.

[5] *This reference is to three book reviews: Robert Halsband's review of "Mark Twain to Mrs. Fairbanks," a collection of letters* [SR Oct. 22, 1949]; *Robert E. Spiller's review of "The Love Letters of Mark Twain"* [SR Jan. 28, 1950]; *Elizabeth Wallace's review of "Mark Twain As a Literary Artist," by Gladys Carmen Bellamy* [SR Sept. 23, 1950]. *Miss Romanova's quotations from these reviews have been omitted here for reasons of space.*

[6] *Howard Fast's three most recent works of fiction prior to publication of Miss Romanova's article were all reviewed by us, as follows: "My Glorious Brothers"* [SR Oct. 23, 1948]; *"Departure and Other Stories"* [SR Dec. 24, 1949]; *"The Proud and the Free"* [SR Nov. 25, 1950]. *Mr. Fast's latest novel is reviewed on page 17 of this issue.*

[7] *There follows a long passage about "atomic" literature, dealing with such authors as Upton Sinclair, Roald Dahl, Judith Merrill, Carmichael Smith, George Stewart, David Davidson, and James Jones, all of whom are contrasted with "progressive writers." This passage has been omitted for reasons of space, as it does not deal specifically with* The Saturday Review.

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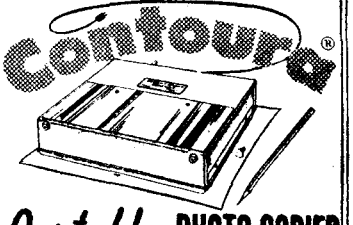

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

DOTS AND DASHES, CIRCLES AND SPLASHES

EXPERIMENTAL films have lately been enjoying new popularity, but among their increasing numbers and varieties the abstract nonrepresentational film has remained the Cinderella. It is seldom seen and less seldom praised; it has never attracted the attention now commonly given the documentary, the surrealistic, the psychological, and the "art" film. Despite the fact that abstract painting is as accepted today as the airplane, the skyscraper, and radar, abstraction in film (except for a dabble by Disney in "Fantasia") has reached few movie screens.

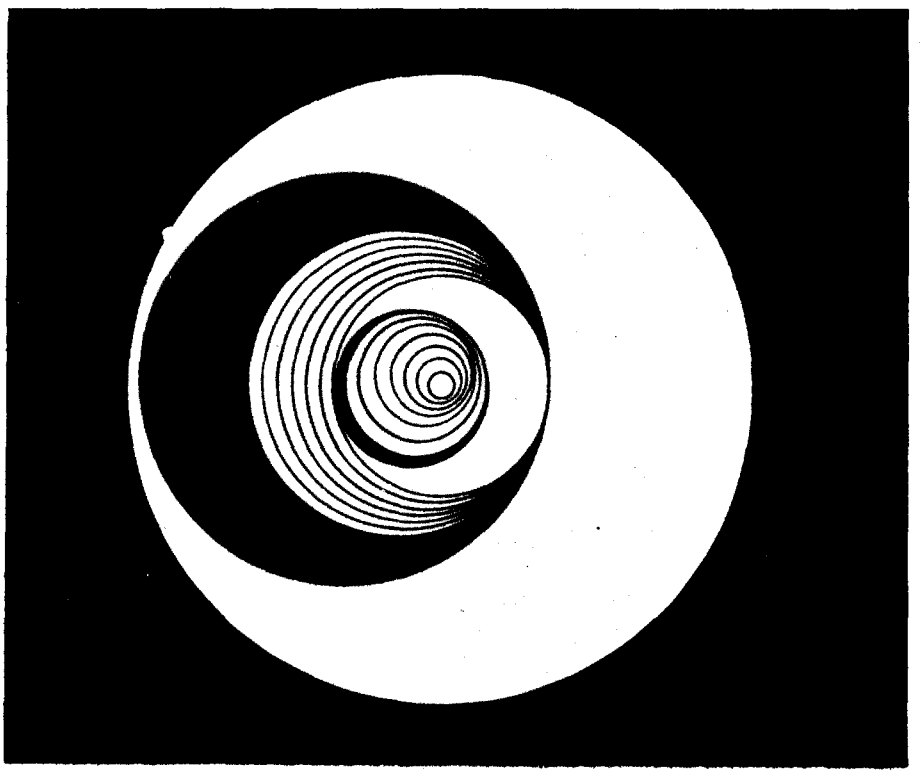
With these thoughts in mind the Museum of Modern Art in New York recently presented a three-hour program devoted exclusively to the abstract film. To be sure it was over by midnight, and the Cinderella presumably returned to the attic or basement or wherever it is that the abstract film artist hangs out. Yet while it lasted it was an exciting occasion for everyone present. The program covered some twenty short-short films, the oldest dating from 1921, the newest so new it hasn't yet been finished. Edward Steichen, director of the Museum's photography department, selected the films for this important artistic debut, and also introduced them to the audience. Into one sitting was crowded the work of some seventeen artists, covering a period of over thirty years.

In spite of its lasting too long, the program stood up well. It demonstrated for one thing that there are enough significant abstract films to make up a good many stimulating programs. It further demonstrated that seeing an integrated program of exclusively abstract films is far more enjoyable than seeing one or two thrown in as program fillers. Now that the films have been tracked down, similar programs will undoubtedly be repeated in other museums elsewhere in the country. Before going on to report on the films themselves, let us stop and bemoan the one major disaster in nontheatrical film showings of this kind.

The program at the Museum of Modern Art was too long for the audience to take at one sitting. As a matter of fact, in the course of attending film showings for the past several years, in New York and elsewhere, I have yet to see one that wasn't too long.

I have come to the conclusion that no program of short films should be allowed to last more than an hour and a half, from start to finish. This gives ample time for three or four average length shorts; in the case of the short-shorts, as many as ten or twelve can easily be shown. If talk is to accompany the films (and I personally prefer careful program notes to almost any speech in the world), then film time ought to be cut to sixty minutes, and talk time should never exceed half an hour. Once you stretch the program to as much as two hours you are apt to continue stretching indefinitely. You end up by trying to show everything that is worth showing, thereby spoiling the total effect and at the same time including a number of films that never would have been missed.

I am reminded of the story about the woman who went shopping for a hat. She found one she liked but was shocked when the clerk told her the price was seventy-five dollars. "How can you expect me to pay seventy-five dollars for this plain little hat?" she asked. "Why, it has nothing on it at all—no veil, no flowers, no ribbons—nothing!" "Madam," replied the clerk, "you are paying for the restraint." Many film audiences would be willing to pay for a little restraint, if it were purchasable. They would be likely to come back for more films if they could feel they hadn't already seen all there is to see.



Duchamp's "Anaemic Cinema"—"neat but necessarily limited."

THE following descriptions and comments are based partly on Mr. Steichen's remarks at the recent Museum of Modern Art showing and partly on my own reactions to the films:

RHYTHMUS 21. In 1921 a young abstract painter named Hans Richter created the first extant experimental designs on film, using simple patterns of black-and-white rectangles and squares reminiscent of Mondrian's paintings. The film is brief, clear, and formal, and still ranks with the best that has been done in this field. Richter, now director of the Film Institute at New York's City College, has since devoted himself almost exclusively to the experimental development of motion pictures.

"Rhythmus 21" is available for rental to educational groups, on 16mm. and 35mm., from the Museum of Modern

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Art Film Library, 11 West 53rd St., New York 19, N. Y.

SYMPHONIE DIAGONALE. This film, also dating from the early Twenties, is the work of the late Viking Eggeling, a Swedish colleague of Richter's. Like "Rhythmus 21," it uses negative rather than positive film, and in a different but equally simple way it explores the free use of moving lines and forms. "Symphonie Diagonale" is also available for rental from the Museum of Modern Art Film Library.

ANAEMIC CINEMA. Circles and spirals mounted on a record turntable create an unusual and amusing visual illusion which achieves neat but necessarily limited rhythmic patterns and symbols. The work of artist Marcel-Duchamp in 1926, the film requires a reading knowledge of French to be fully enjoyed, and also a fluidity of vision which I apparently lack. Even so, it is fun. Available from the Museum of Modern Art Film Library.

LIGHT PLAY BLACK-WHITE-GREY (LICHTSPIEL). Laszlo Moholy-Nagy in "Light Play" (1932) filmed a specially constructed apparatus of steel, glass, wire, and other assorted tidbits, using a variety of interesting film tricks to lend visual support to his unique investigation of motion, space, rhythm, and design. Available on 16mm., for rental only, from A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 36, N. Y.

COLOUR BOX. An Australian named Len Lye, then working in England and now in the United States, was the first of the abstract experimentalists to apply paints directly onto film. His "Color Box" (1935), like the several others he made, were intended as spot advertisements for various British Government agencies. The film is a lively color abstraction set to jazz, its message announcing with real hilarity the services of the British postal office. This is the kind of commercial film art that American advertisers will some day outdo themselves to imitate. Prints in 35mm. and 16mm. may be rented by educational groups from the Museum of Modern Art Film Library.

1941. Using a number of unlikely odds and ends that include ink, fire, and light bulbs, Francis Lee, a California artist, adds to the scope of materials to be utilized in abstract color film design. I find little other apparent virtue in this work. Available for rental on 16mm. from Cinema 16, 175 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

COLOUR DESIGN. Brilliant filmy colors move rhythmically about the screen like a bright, silky scarf dance seen in slow motion. Steichen likened the film to a Georgia O'Keeffe painting that moves. The film was made in 1948 by Hugo Lateltin, and as the title implies it is sheer color. Thoroughly enjoyable. Available for rental from Cinema 16.

ROOM STUDY. This is one of several hand-drawn black-and-white doodles made on film and set to hot jazz music, the work of the Danish artist Soren Melson. Made about 1948, this film baldly shows the poverty of technical equipment generally available for these shoestring "Cinderella" productions. Available from Cinema 16.

LOOPS. Norman McLaren's lively hand-drawn-on-film opus derives obvious inspiration from the work of his teacher Len Lye, but in this film McLaren has gone a step further in producing a hand-drawn-on-film synthetic soundtrack. McLaren is a young Canadian who in the past six years has won worldwide recognition for his film creations, which Steichen salutes for their boisterous, gay, youthful qualities. McLaren's work, compared with many of the films which preceded him on the program, shows him to be a real professional much in command of the techniques of his craft. This allows him time to make his films really thoughtful, original, and appealing. Credit for McLaren's many successes goes also to the National Film Board of Canada, which takes advantage of his talents by providing him with the equipment, time, and freedom he needs to make his sensational little splashes on film.

Just for the record, McLaren has also begun work in three-dimensional abstraction; his first two films, really feeling his way around in the new medium, were shown last summer at the Festival of Britain's specially constructed theatre. It will be some time before they can be generally shown in this country. "Loops" and other McLaren shorts are available for rental and purchase from the National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.

FORM EVOLUTION. This is a color film designed to show art students some of the essentials in form changes. Only the final portion of this thirteen-minute film was shown, ending in a completely abstract swirl of color and design. Photographed by Frank Stauffacher, with music by Leonard Roseman, the film was conceived by Martin Metal, one-time student of Moholy-Nagy. Available from A. F. Films.

RHAPSODY. Set to the strains of Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" No. 6, this color film made by Robert Bruce Rogers in 1951 is not particularly inventive or skilful, merely a rather timid exercise in the use of color design moving to music. The final few seconds are clever, in the style of Len Lye and McLaren. Available for rental and purchase from A. F. Films.

REFRACTIONS #1. James E. Davis has been making abstract color films for the past several years, having turned to the medium from painting. His material is mainly reflected light seen through moving bits of colored plastic. In "Refractions" (1951) Davis collaborates for the first time with a musician, creating a new element of film design, as Steichen pointed out.

To the naked eye this film is less pleasing than some of Davis's earlier unharmonized films. It jumps quite a bit, a disturbance that could easily have been remedied, Davis says, if he had been born three-handed. Avail-

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able for rental and purchase from A. F. Film.

WATER STARS. This is an unassuming and utterly charming little film using multiple and distorted images and color of simple soap bubbles. Wheaton Galentine, whose basic work is in still photography, made it in 1951; it is his second film, the first being in black and white and concerned with the variations, distortions, and multiplications of a mathematical curve. "Water Stars" is four minutes long and makes a pleasant interlude for almost any kind of film program. Prints are available for rental from Wheaton Galentine, 4 East 48th St., New York, N. Y.

WORKS OF FISCHINGER. Anyone with a deep curiosity about film abstraction must look seriously in the direction of the one man who has dedicated most of his life to this medium. He is Oskar Fischinger, undisputable master of the craft. Three of his films were shown by Steichen: "Study #6" (1929), "Circles" (1932), and "Motion Painting #1" (1949). The first two, in black and white, are humorous, controlled, calculated, and free at the same time. That is to say, they are very appealing. "Motion Painting" is a longer and more ambitious work which took nearly two years to complete. Filmed in Technicolor, it is an oil painting on glass with dark, harmonious colors moving in segmented circles to the music of Bach. The audience in general responded well to all three films; their sustained, dignified applause matched perfectly the spirit of the work.

I must add that some people, individuals rather than the group as a whole, found the "Motion Painting" too long, repetitive, and abusive of Bach's music. To me it was abstraction with a soul. I believe that at some later date Fischinger will be widely "discovered" and acclaimed as one of the cinema's important creative craftsmen. For information about the films' availability, write Oskar Fischinger, 1010 Hammond St., Hollywood, Calif.

N. Y., N. Y. Francis Thompson is an outstanding photographer and director of documentary films who has been using his spare time to make a film just for fun. "N. Y., N. Y." is as impertinent as its abbreviated title implies. Abandoning his usual straight-faced camera reporting, Thompson here uses multiple prisms to capture and reflect the sterile beauty and solemn audacity of the biggest city in the world. Some of his scenes and effects are breath-taking, some only fascinating. Thompson, too, is a professional, and this shows up in the fact that the film doesn't run away with him, as it easily might have. Though still uncompleted (when Steichen showed it the sound track had not yet been composed), "N. Y., N. Y." promises to be the first abstract film with sure-fire popular appeal. It deserves, and probably will get, wide distribution in theatres across the nation. You'll hear more about this Thompson film when it is finished and ready for release.

FILM EXERCISES #4 and #5. Enter the Whitney Brothers, John and James, two young men from California whose work Steichen hailed as "the most important thing that has yet been done in film abstraction." He points to the studied form of their exercises, their highly coordinated use of motion, color, light, and sound. Steichen finds in them a new dimension in which space becomes endless, and he adds that the films must be seen several times to be appreciated. I found them tedious; I should say I found *it* tedious, for I left before the second one started. It was slow, monotonously shaded, and swimming before my eyes. Granted that the sound was electronically devised, and that what I saw wasn't really on the screen at all but a persisting image of something that had already faded away—it was still slow. Granted that these are new and important techniques, I was bored.

It takes vision to perceive greatness in a really new art form. I am satisfied that Steichen has the vision; but I, and many of the people in the audience that evening, do not share it. I shall, as Steichen suggests, see the Whitney films again whenever the occasion presents; and I shall happily report any turn I take, for better or for worse. Even now I can say you should see at least one of them for yourself. Available for rental from Cinema 16.

STARS AND STRIPES. To get his audience to their feet, Steichen chose this three-minute McLaren ditty, proving once and for all that he who laughs last laughs best. Available for rental and purchase from the International Film Bureau, 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill.

—CECILE STARR.

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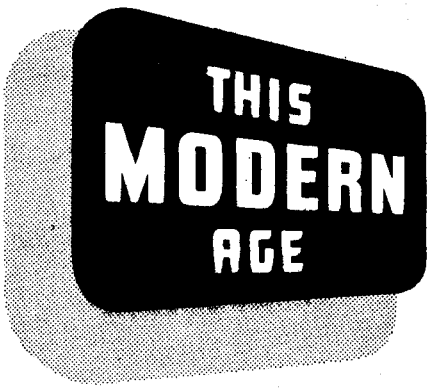

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Gastronomic Garlands

LAWTON MACKALL

"MA, I want a ain't-burnt batter cake," asserted a young Virginian, evincing discernment beyond his vocabulary. When that type of eater grows up, he drives cooks to books, and evidently there are many of him, judging by the magnitude and multifariousness of the cookbook industry, bent on saving America from barbarism and bellyache.

Civilization as known when I was born had Philadelphia's Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer as its overlady, omniscient, all-sufficient, but soon rivaled and ultimately eclipsed by Boston's Fannie Farmer. (Maria, ebony czarina of my grandfather's kitchen in Savannah, owed nothing to either.) In England nary a crumpet, periwinkle, nor tipsy pudding would have dared to be eaten without the say-so of Mrs. Beeton. France was ruled by Tante Marie; Italy awaited eventual consolidation by Signora Ada Boni with "Il Talismano." Throughout the literate world the setting up of housekeeping was in terms of one bride, one book—impressive in size, maternal in tone.

Then in 1909 came "Cooking for Two," by Janet McKenzie Hill, which, cutting down quantities to fit, stressed economy and simplicity as then understood. A young homemaker today would consider Mrs. Hill's elaborate breakfast settings a bit ponderous, and her bread baking and ice cream churning chores distinctly onerous. Hence the successive revisions and modernizations this book has undergone, first by Mrs. Hill, and subsequently by its present editor Sally Larkin, whose latest redoing amounts to virtually a new book, vaunting advice on frosted and dehydrated foods, ready mixes, and up-to-the-minute gadgets. Of the importance of breakfast—a topic always dear to this reviewer—says Miss Larkin: "For most of us the time span from the previous night's dinner is long, often twelve hours or more. The body's fuel has run low in that twelve hours and needs replenishing." Ministering angel-like, she comes to the rescue with eighteen programs of matutinal sustenance.

Do's and Don'ts are tactfully, tellingly used as teaching aids in "It's Easy to Be a Good Cook," by syndicated home economics priestess Jessie De Both, upon whose televised lips hang millions of fans, elated at being flung a book every so often. This, her thirty-fifth, is concerned chiefly with hot breads, yeast breads, light and easy dishes, and desserts; the hearty minority strikes one, however, as being anything but downtrodden. Mass market pedagogy, but meticulous and sprinkled with the unexpected.

A host uncertain as to which pieces of fried chicken on the platter in front of him are white meat and which dark, should have given his wife a copy of "Meal Planning and Table Service," by Beth Bailey McLean. Cures quandaries, relieves anxieties, obviates ineptitudes, balances diet. Revised in toto from a work which began its usefulness in 1924. Photos, diagrams, charts.

Inability of the maidless hostess to keep one foot in the kitchen and the other in the living room, where guests are arriving for cocktails and dinner, has prompted "Cook It Ahead," by Elinore J. Marvel, paragon of efficiency, who even operates a blackboard, chalking up times when roasts and casseroles go into the oven and are due to come out. Her forehandedness ranges from a few hours to a day or two, depending upon nature of dish. Cheese puff, for instance, she won't guarantee if made more than an hour before serving. What makes her data significant is the temptingness of her dishes, from the cuisines of various climes.

Engaging eclecticism in highly becoming typographic dress signalizes the small square volumes "Patio Cook Book" and "Chafing Dish Book," by Helen Evans Brown, each containing 141 recipes, one to a page, and each accompanied by an unhackneyed quo-

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Lawton Mackall, restaurant editor of Gourmet Magazine, *is the author of "Knife and Fork in New York."*

Culinary Guides

These are the books Mr. Mackall discusses in his article:

BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL BOOK. By Fannie Merritt Farmer. Boston: Little, Brown Co. $3.95.

COOKING FOR TWO. By Janet McKenzie Hill. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.

IT'S EASY TO BE A GOOD COOK. By Jessie De Both. New York: Garden City Books. $2.50.

MEAL PLANNING AND TABLE SERVICE. By Beth Bailey McLean. Peoria, Ill.: Bennet Co. $3.95.

ENTERTAINING AT HOME. By Philip and Katharine Harben. New York: Macmillan Co. $2.

COOK IT AHEAD. By Elinore J. Marvel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.

THE PATIO COOK BOOK. By Helen Evans Brown. Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press. $3.50.

THE CHAFING DISH BOOK. By Helen Evans Brown. Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press. $3.50.

THE BUSY GIRL'S COOK BOOK. By Margot Finletter Mitchell. New York: Coward-McCann. $1.90.

THE EPICUREAN GUIDE. By Ruth Chier Rosen. New York: Richard Rosen Assoc. $1.25.

A COOK'S GUIDE. By Antoinette and Francois Pope. New York: Macmillan Co. $2.50.

MORE CASSEROLE COOKERY. By Marion Tracy. New York: Viking Press. $2.50.

COMMUNITY FARE COOKBOOK. New York: Pelligrini & Cudahy. $2.95.

THE OYSTER BOOK. By Louis P. DeGouy. New York: Greenberg Publisher. $3.

COOKBOOK FOR FRIDAYS AND LENT. By Irma Rhode. New York: David McKay Co. $3.

FEAST DAY COOKBOOK. By Katherine Burton and Helmut Ripperger. New York: David McKay Co. $3.

AMERICAN COOKING "IN DER KUCHE." By Sadie Summers. New York: Paramount Publishing Co. $2.75.

THE SOUTHERN COOK BOOK. By Marion Brown. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press $4.50.

CHEFS OF THE WEST. Edited by the editors of *Sunset Magazine*. Menlo Park, Calif.: Lane Publishing Co. $3.50.

THE COMPLETE BARBECUE BOOK. By John and Marie Roberson. Menlo Park: Calif.: Lane Publishing Co. $3.95.

MENUS AND RECIPES FOR THE DISCRIMINATING HOSTESS. By Ella Liner Lambert. Peoria, Ill.: Bennet Co. $3.50.

GOOD FOOD FOR BAD STOMACHS. By Dr. Sara M. Jordan and Sheila Hibben. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.95.

THE EMILY POST COOKBOOK. Edited by Edwin M. Post, Jr. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $5.

GOOD FOOD WITHOUT SALT. By Margaret Vaughn. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.75.

THE BEST OF BOULESTIN. By X. Marcel Boulestin. New York: Greenberg Publisher. $6.50.

COOKING WITH A FRENCH TOUCH. By Gerald Maurois. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.

THE EUROPEAN COOK BOOK. By Cora, Rose, and Bob Brown. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.95.

THE NEW JOY OF COOKING. By Irma S. Rombauer and Marion Rombauer Becker. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.50.

NEW WORLD WIDE COOK BOOK. By Pearl V. Metzelthin. New York: Julian Messner. $5.

THE ROMANIAN COOK BOOK. By Anisoara Stan. New York: Citadel Press. $3.

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tation or adage. As practical as beguileful. No covetous culinarian will ever succeed in wresting these from me.

Pardon my quoting a swatch of style, but this is from, and typical of, "The Busy Girl's Cookbook," by Margot Finletter Mitchell:

STUFFED BRUSSELS SPROUTS

A package frozen sprouts — Basic cheese spread:

Boil Brussels sprouts not quite as long as it says on the package. Let cool. Cut holes in them with a small, sharp knife and stuff with cheese spread.

This is boring to do but looks arty. Eat the centers of the sprouts as you go—roughage. Even better are those baby tomatoes, stuffed ditto. Or just the plain tomatoes; serve with a bowl of salt.

Casual, yet concise. If I were a busy girl, I would eat up this slim little eighty-four page volume, spotted with amusing sketches by Alanson Hewes. As a busybody I am loony about it.

Librarians will detest, home cooks will love, cherish, and use constantly the little mine of hints and 216 terse precisional recipes on washable cards (three by five), with index tabs for each section, plastic ring-bound under the title "The Epicurean Guide," by Ruth Chier Rosen. Particularly appropriate for young servicemen's wives, it opens out flat on the work table or range and, alas, slips too easily into the pocket, so beware!

"What causes meringue to weep?" query Antoinette and François Pope, probers into the secret sorrows of pastry, and authors of "A Cook's Quiz." Stunty as it may seem, this opus amounts to a refresher course in cookery's technology.

Coining an apt title, Marion Tracy, whose "Casserole Cookery" became a best seller, has sequeled it with "More Casserole Cookery," ring-bound repository of gatherings and devisings. Each of 150 recipes is accompanied by a "small" story and, below latter, a menu in which dish is feature. By and large, these dishes are changes rung on foreign and American traditionals. Examples: hot mushroom spoon bread, Roquefort meat loaf, creamed chicken with cranberry rice.

Group endeavor met with notable good fortune in the case of the "Community Fare Cookbook," gotten out in 1948 by the Woman's Auxiliary of Community Hospital, Geneva, Ill. So actively did this collection prosper in the bookstores of the Chicago area it has now been published on a national basis. Among its valuable considerations are Dr. West's Planked Fish, Steak Roquefort, Maryland Pork Scrapple (with port wine), Chicken Mindanao, and Beat-Like-Thunder Gingerbread.

Before our friend the oyster goes into seclusion, there are 266 good uses for him according to the count of master chef Louis P. DeGouy, whose array of cookbooks is now lengthened by "The Oyster Book." My heart leaps up at the very sight of Cream of Oyster Knickerbocker as prepared at the old Knickerbocker Hotel of fragrant memories. And I can't say I'm blasé about the oysters, sweetbreads, and mushrooms brochette. The publishers have wrapped this book in a reproduction of the famous Guinness advertising spread of oysters of different varieties, affectingly realistic. This is unfair: no cookbook publisher has the right to make the reader hungry and thirsty at the same time.

Especially timely is Irma Rhode's "Cookbook for Fridays and Lent," which impresses me as being an even more competent job than her excellent "Viennese Cookbook." It contains

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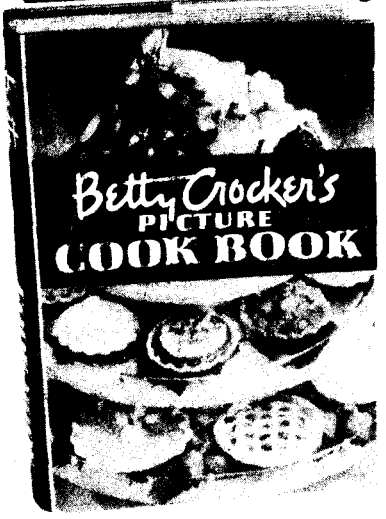

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almost no surprises, but the variety within the prescribed limitations is abundant. The meaning and observances of Lent and other days when meat is not eaten are lucidly and authoritatively explained in an introduction by Father Robert I. Gannon, S.J. Zeal of cooks in honor of Days of Saints furnishes the theme of the "Feast Day Cookbook," by Katherine Burton and Helmut Ripperger. As packed with old world traditions as a festive pudding is with fruit, this book also deals with Colonial America. It recounts the caldroning of the first succotash, whose beans were white and were boiled in the company of chicken, salt pork, and other participants which they have since parted from. A rich book to dip into and copy from.

BILINGUAL conversation books, pocket size, which coach the tourist in how to order a meal in a foreign country, are no novelty; but a book, approximately six by ten in size, telling an American housewife in Germany how to elicit American fare from her cook or maid, is without precedent, so far as I know. "American Cooking 'In der Küche'," by Sadie Summers is that and does that with American recipes presented bilingually in parallel columns. Example: Harvard Beets, translated Harvard-Rüben.

It will be interesting to see how much of that culinary inculcation manages to stick. My personal guess is that for every New England pie or Southern hot bread implanted in a German home, ten strudels will spring up over here, filled with Maine blueberries or Georgia peaches. We love to be regional but hardly impermeably. Thus "The Southern Cook Book," by Marion Brown, vouchsafing frogs' legs *poulette*, Long Island duckling *à l'orange*, and the like by the score, is much more than it purports to be, and somehow less as regards Southern kitchen feeling. However, the characterful specialties one seeks under such a title are duly present and accounted for. (Cocktail antiquarians will demur, I fear, at the attribution of the name Sazerac to "a famous hero of historic New Orleans.")

Out California way, where Sunset publications cast their beams, triumphantly untrammeled cookery indoors and out by male hobbyists has resulted in "Chefs of the West," comprising 575 winning recipes by 474 acknowledged geniuses. Adding another gender to the same sort of endeavor, John and Marie Roberson serve up "The Complete Barbecue Book," detailed, diagramed, delightful.

I wish I had wide open spaces to

Brides, Career Girls,
here's the answer to how-to-entertain without headaches
THE
BUSY GIRLS' Cookbook
By MARGOT FINLETTER MITCHELL

MARGOT FINLETTER MITCHELL, granddaughter of the late Walter Damrosch, and the daughter of Secretary of the Air Force, Thomas K. Finletter, is a young lady who, she says "has attempted to please her gourmet friends without killing herself." With her handy manual of easy recipes and simple directions for good meals and small parties, you will find yourself entertaining with the ease of an experienced cook — no stage fright, no failure and lots of fun. *Pictures by Alanson.*

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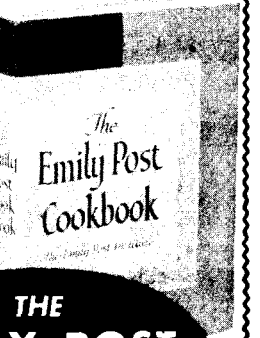

THE EMILY POST COOKBOOK

FUNK and WAGNALLS N. Y. 10

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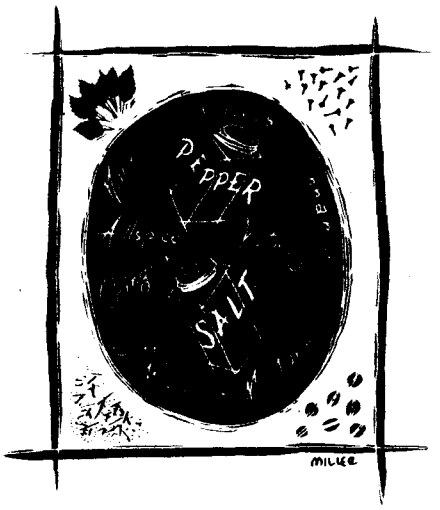
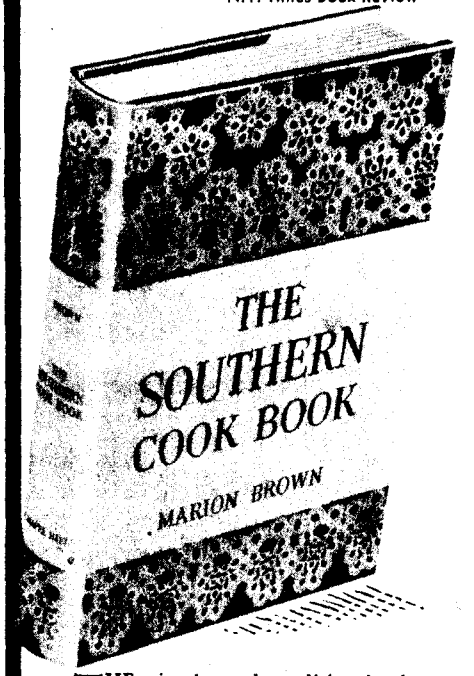


deal with the other items on my list, each of them setting one's mind simmering, but here I'm fenced in and obliged to be brief. "Menus and Recipes for the Discriminating Hostess," by Ella Liner Lambert, director of the home service department of the Milwaukee Gas Co., intrigues me with her cocktails measured by tablespoons. Boon to ulcer sufferers is "Good Food for Bad Stomachs," by Dr. Sara M. Jordan, gastroenterologist at the Lahey Clinic in Boston, and Sheila Hibben, epicurean food writer for *The New Yorker* magazine. It presents 500 dishes that are safe without being boresome. Another gratitude earner, "Good Food Without Salt," by Margaret Vaughn, accredited with two doctors' endorsements, solves the seasoning problem by deft use of herbs, spices, and seeds. People who, worried about which fork to use when, sought succor of Emily Post, now are granted dish specification as well, for this famed arbitrix of etiquette has swept into the flesh pot field with "The Emily Post Cook Book," gratefully clutched at by her avid public. Incidentally, the Emily Post Institute, credited with the authorship of this tome, has turned out a remarkably professional piece of work.

Gastronomic bibliophiles who've been grumbling at the scarcity of any volume from the pen of the late X. Marcel Boulestin, French littérateur turned London restaurateur, now can obtain the cream of his recipes and comments, skilfully skimmed as "The Best of Boulestin." I've been wallowing in it to my gluttony's content, but I'm puzzled by his mayonnaise recipe, which is so very oily—entire cup of oil per egg. Me, I side with Gerald Maurois of "Cooking with a French Touch," who is a half-cup advocate and all-round keen adviser, indeed general educator and sagacious gamboleer in the fascinations of the Gallic cuisine he was born to. "The European Cook Book," by Cora, Rose, and Bob Brown, dealing with France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, I find less inspirational, but it evidently has its place or it wouldn't have been reissued in this revised edition.

Tremendous achievements respruced and regarnished are Irma S. Rombauer's "The Joy of Cooking," which now carries the name of her daughter, Marion Rombauer Becker, and has among other additions, an authoritative section on high altitude cookery; Fanny Farmer's "Boston Cooking-School Book," perennially indispensable, sporting handsome new typographic dress in celebration of alteration and improvements; and Mme. Pearl V. Metzelthin's "Wide World Cook Book," brought up to date by Gertrude Blair. As a novelty, there's an excellent "Romanian Cook Book," by Anisoara Stan, explaining the intricacies of *ciorbas, givetches,* and *mititei*—the latter skinless sausages akin to hamburgers. And as a gesture of faith in the United Nations, there's a brochure of over 100 tested dishes of same, with introduction by Eleanor Roosevelt. If fulfilment of Wendell Willkie's hope of One World is still in the offing, we've at least arrived at a state of One Kitchen.

"True Southern richness and downright goodness that makes for famous foods."
—N.Y. Times Book Review



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PERSONAL HISTORY

(Continued from page 21)

day did nothing to soften the antagonism he aroused. At different periods of his career, he was physically attacked in the streets, subjected to excommunication by the rabbinate, denounced to the Turkish government as an agitator, and imprisoned. Slowly, however, the new Zionist settlements were permeated by his ideas, and Hebrew became the spoken language.

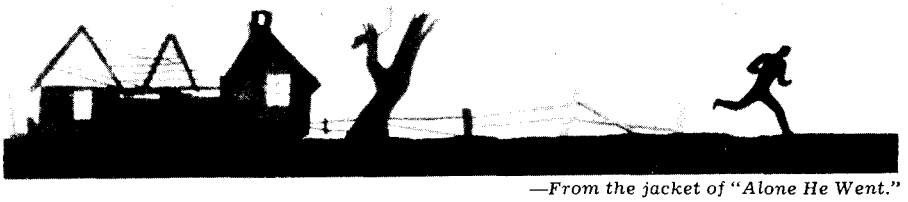
If Hebrew was to emerge as a modern language, one thing more was necessary—and adequate dictionary. In the face of poverty, polemics and his pulmonary affliction, Ben Yehuda undertook the superhuman task of single-handedly creating a historical dictionary of the Hebrew language. Hebrew possesses a continuous literature of nearly thirty-five centuries, written in every corner of the globe, much of it still in manuscript or in incorrect printed editions. To collect all the words with their nuances of meaning became Ben Yehuda's life work. He traveled to libraries in Europe and the United States for material, while his wife pleaded with wealthy patrons for funds to publish the work. When he died in 1922, his "Complete Dictionary of Ancient and Modern Hebrew" was a reality. Eight volumes had been published and the material for the remainder was available in notes. Sixteen volumes have now been issued, with only two more letters of the alphabet still to come.

Greater even than this stupendous intellectual achievement was the miracle of Hebrew reborn as a language on the lips of children, in the street and the marketplace, in the classroom and the laboratory, capable of expressing every nuance of emotion and thought of modern man.

Obviously fascinated by Ben Yehuda's career, Robert St. John has produced a vivid and readable narrative of his life. His biography is, however, somewhat fictionized, with conversations which, as St. John says, "are not from stenographic recordings but. . . are in the spirit of the characters." Undoubtedly the vividness of the style and the frequent touches of humor will give the work a much larger reading public than a more conventional biography.

It is to be regretted, however, that in the effort to underscore Ben Yehuda's achievements, some errors have crept in. There is no explanation of the Haskalah movement and its various currents, which varied from a modern attitude toward Jewish tradition, to outright antipathy to religion. It is not true that "when it ceased being a spoken language, Hebrew ceased increasing its vocabulary;" actually, it continued to grow with the expanding horizons of Rabbinic and modern thought. Moreover, it is not made clear that modern Hebrew already had a vital written literature and an active press before Ben Yehuda began his labors.

Even with these lapses and other minor errors of fact, Robert St. John has produced an engrossing tale of the power of one man to transform his world.



—From the jacket of "Alone He Went."

Personal History Notes

ALONE HE WENT. By Anthony Richardson. Norton. $3. Among the numerous stories about Allied soldiers' escapes from German captivity, none has equaled the first of them, "The Horned Pigeon," by George Reid Millar—a book which, besides telling a tale of continuous suspense, managed to convey in its every line the frame of mind of a man running for his life. The present account achieves that effect only in spots. Yet it holds the reader's attention throughout. The spectacular flight of Wing Commander (now Sir) Basil Embry, RAF, the distinguished officer who told his story to Mr. Richardson, took place in the very weeks of France's collapse, and this of course adds to the adventurousness of his experiences. Shot down near St. Omer, Wing Commander Embry two days later found himself in a column of marching POW's, from which he presently made his getaway. On foot, only occasionally riding a bicycle, he crossed the whole length of France, all by himself most of the time, and with a festering leg wound impeding his physical strength. He was recaptured twice, and escaped both times, once by attacking his armed guards in an open fight. The matter-of-factness of Mr. Richardson's writing does not detract from the portrait of a fabulously brave, resourceful, and noble soldier which emerges from this book. The one thing which mars it—it is a feature the present story shares with some others of its kind—is the language angle. Wing Commander Embry hardly spoke any French at the time he was shot down; and Mr. Richardson shows him but a few days later not only as carrying on detailed conversations with Frenchmen, but also posing as a Belgian vis-à-vis an interrogator. The actual difficulties of that situation are referred to in every instance, and their overcoming accounted for. Perhaps it is Mr. Richardson's very accuracy on that point, together with his consistency in reproducing all dialogue in the same manner of speech, which gives to some of these talks an undeserved tinge of unreality.

—ROBERT PICK.

I WAS CHURCHILL'S SHADOW. By W. H. Thompson. British Book Centre. $2.75. Winston Churchill uses an electric razor. He sleeps with a black satin shade over his eyes. He detests whistling. His addiction to long cigars is exaggerated. He enjoys military band records. He is a crack shot with rifle, revolver, or automatic. He likes cats. He is a good swimmer. This sort of personalia will be of use to Churchill's biographers (and over the centuries he is likely to have several), and it makes entertaining reading now.

Mr. Thompson, a retired Scotland Yard inspector who was recalled to duty and assigned as bodyguard to the Prime Minister in 1939, tells a straightforward and unpretentious story without that straining for anecdotal effect which frequently characterizes this type of memoir. He was present at the great meetings—the Atlantic Charter conference, Washington, Ottawa, North Africa, Teheran—and he made two trips with his chief to Moscow. And by way of parting souvenir he asked for, and got, a Churchill painting—the only one the artist ever signed. Mr. Churchill has something of the detective mind himself. Looking at a dummy battleship and a dummy aircraft carrier in Scapa Flow, he said to Inspector Thompson: "There are no seagulls around them. That would be noticed immediately by enemy planes." And he arranged to have food cast upon the waters.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

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